LOOKING FORWARD

As the depression continues, the current discussion over causes and cures waxes hotter and hotter. So warm is it becoming in many quarters that the heat of the prohibition argument begins to feel mild by comparison. Cut wages, reduce retail prices, stabilize wages, hold up retail prices, organize charities, pass unemployment insurance measures, prop up consumption, secure incomes, raise tariffs, lower tariffs, limit production, go to work, do nothing at all, change the credit system—a three-ring circus resembles a woodland violet by contrast.

In the present issue, the Outlook adds its voice to the tumult by pointing out in the editorial entitled, "One Way We Can Go," the logical outcome of adopting such suggestions as those made by Senator Couzens and others—and adds, in a discussion of wages by William O. Scroggs, a few remarks on the element of uncertainty which is added to the whole problem by the question of the length of the duration of the depression itself.

Leaving out all consideration of the effects of our complicated financial and credit system—a system wherein the psychology of bankers themselves plays a large part—and putting to one side the question of the costs of distribution, and their part in keeping up retail prices, most of the arguments as to cure seem to divide themselves into two camps: Those who would hire men at lower wages so as to produce cheaply again, thereby bringing down retail prices and ending the depression; and those who would hold up wages and the standard of living, until either replacement buying and foreign trade ended the situation or retail prices fell of their own weight, thus producing employment and prosperity again.

Either argument followed to its logical conclusion constitutes a definite economic policy attended by many hazards, possible disasters and bitter antagonisms. Each has a growing number of followers, practical men, not theorists, and not entirely influenced by conditions in their own businesses. The subject will unquestionably crowd into the next political campaign, in the form of the tariff and unemployment insurance, to say nothing of general economic discussions.

The Outlook, therefore, will be interested in the reactions of its readers to the particular theory set forth in this issue. Certainly the country cannot go on forever prolonging a picture which puts five million unemployed men opposite a mountain of still high priced retail products. You cannot hold the pose. What is to be done?

Francis Rufus Bellamy.

OUTLOOK and Independent

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Etiquette for Visiting Novelists. By Alec Waugh.
An English author discusses the indiscretions of writers visiting America, and also the statement by Asheden in "Cakes and Ale," that "it is very hard to be both a writer and a gentleman."

Royal Intrigue in Roumania. By Konrad Bercovici.
The death of King Ferdinand precipitated a mad scramble for the throne, and in this, the fifth installment of his serial, Mr. Bercovici reveals many new and significant facts about politics as it is played by royalty and near-royalty.

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THE WINNING OF THE WEST

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OUTLOOK
and Independent
May 6, 1931

Trend of the Week

Family Buying Power

THE bewildered thinking on economics lately so much in evidence was well illustrated in the address by Willis A. Sutton, president of the National Education Association, at a recent meeting of teachers in Macon, Georgia. Dr. Sutton is quoted as saying that the passing of the large family was one cause of the present depression. "Think of the buying power of the families when they had eight to fifteen children," he said. "Now we have dwindled down to one child, maybe two, and they don't require so much."

Evidently the good doctor forgets that buying power depends on income, and that in the main it is a power possessed by parents rather than by children. If, to use his own figures, there were once only two parents to every eight children, whereas there are now two parents to every two children, then a far greater proportion of our population possesses buying power than ever possessed it before. Hence we would expect to find the demand for goods, not decreasing, but being directed to fulfill the wants of adults, with a comparatively small demand for, say, baby shoes and a comparatively large one for, say, tire shoes . . . . Speaking of baby shoes, how would Dr. Sutton like to be a periodically unemployed mechanic attempting to feed, clothe and house from eight to fifteen children?

Tip to a Bishop

IT is a pleasure to assume that Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has been, is and always will be innocent of all charges which have been, are being or will be brought against him. But it must be said that, for an innocent man, he shows a surprising reluctance to be investigated.

Last year the Bishop refused to answer the questions of the Senate lobby-investigating committee, arguing that in putting such questions the committee was exceeding its authority. Next, faced with charges advanced by members of his own church, he held that his accusers had not conformed with the procedure outlined in church law for the filing of such charges. Now, under investigation by the Senate committee inquiring into campaign funds, he declares that the Senate resolution under which the committee is functioning is probably unconstitutional.

The customary course for an innocent man is to welcome any attempt to investigate him and to glory in the opportunity to clear himself in the eyes of the world. The one exception to this rule may occur when the cost of defense promises to be heavy. However, a man need not employ counsel when he appears before a committee of the Senate. Possibly Bishop Cannon does not care whether or not he regains his lost prestige. But, if he does care, one good way to regain it would be to stop finding legal and constitutional reasons why he cannot be queried, take the stand before the Senate campaign funds committee and testify fully, frankly and gladly.

"We Found That Out"

THERE is a Moran and Mack we-found-that-out flavor in the Wickersham Commission's report on crime statistics. The commission devotes sixteen of the report's eighteen pages to showing that the statistics are often incomplete, inaccurate and generally untrustworthy. The fact had been known to every lawyer, every newspaper reporter and just about everyone else, so well known that when Chicago, for example, has attempted to prove by statistics that it is relatively free from crime no one outside that city has ever taken it seriously.

As for the commission's recommendations, they are unimpressively sound. It has long been obvious that the federal government and the individual states should gather statistics more carefully and systematically. Now the Wickersham Commission proposes the framing and enactment of a uniform state law on the subject, taking account of local differences, and urges that the drafting be done by some such body as the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws. This appears to be a commendable way of getting at the roots of most statistical evil. Another meritorious suggestion is that the gathering, compiling and publishing of nation-wide statistics, instead of being split among three federal departments, should be committed as a whole to the Bureau of the Census. Again, the commission advises against the continued publication of official conclusions based on partial data given the appearance of being complete data.

As a matter of fact, about all that can be said for the report is that it may attract still more attention to a need which has been crying itself to sleep.

School for Farmers

IN MARCH of this year the Republican National Committee—without cracking a smile—established an agricultural advisory council to tell the farmers how much the Administration had done for them. The council has just decided what to say. The farmer, poor fellow, will be informed of the great advantages he has reaped from the Federal Farm Board and the Hawley-Smoot tariff act. He will then be given a course in "world economic conditions," a course designed to assuage his pains with statistics showing that, after all, he is only one pebble on the depressed world-wide beach, and that times are none too good in Mongolia, either.

It is plain that the Republican schoolma'ams will not have an easy task. What, for example, can they say of the Farm

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Board save that, though it attempted to raise and peg the price of wheat, actually the price kept falling until it reached the lowest level since 1896? And what of the tariff act, save that it was well calculated to raise the price of what the farmer buys without raising the price of what he sells?

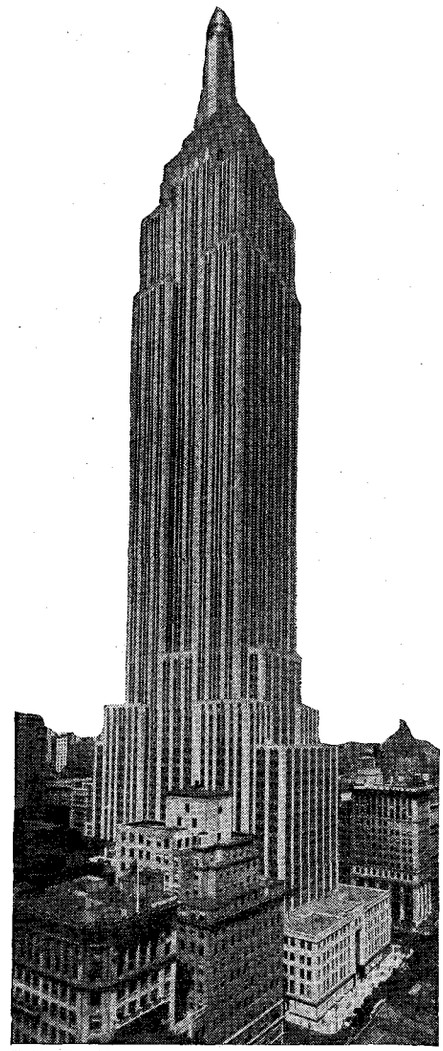
If the farmer is not to lynch but listen to them, he must somehow be persuaded that the Republican leaders know whereof they speak. The way to persuade him is to point to other Republican preachments and prophecies, which, doubted and derided when they were made, have since been proved true as gospel. We therefore suggest that he be reminded of a speech made by Jim Watson, Republican leader in the Senate, on the day before the tariff bill was passed. "I here and now predict," said Senator Watson, "and I ask my fellow-Senators to recall this prediction in the days to come, that if this bill is passed, this nation will be on the upgrade financially, economically and commercially within thirty days, and that within a year from this time we shall have regained the peak of prosperity." The speech was made on June 13, 1930, just about a year ago.

▶▶*Labor's Wet Drive*

MODIFICATION of the Volstead act would constitute an admission that prohibition is a problem and not a panacea. It would indicate that a prohibition system which can be cracked can be split wide open. It would represent a first step toward the repeal or revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, indispensable if a workable plan of regulation is to displace our futile "Thou shalt not."

These are the fundamental reasons for the importance of organized labor's current drive against the Volstead act, opened with a conference at Philadelphia on April 27-28. The objective of the drive, which will feature regular polls of Congressmen and a nation-wide publicity campaign, is to stir the voters, workingmen particularly, to make their opinions on prohibition known to the House and Senate.

The labor leaders rightly rebuke wets who still assume a defeatist attitude. A wet victory is not out of the question, they say; it is already in sight. Here we believe they are on sound ground, though we doubt their opinion that modification of the Volstead law in the next session of Congress is within the possibilities. Like other investigators, the labor leaders have discovered that dry Congressmen are not as dry as they seem. But to convert most private wets into public wets nothing will really serve except wet triumphs on election day. With a presidential election, which to a large extent will be a referendum on prohibition, coming late in 1932, comparatively few legislators would be willing to commit themselves early that same year by casting their votes against Volsteadism.



Wide World

HOUSE THAT LAMB BUILT
The 102-story Empire State Building in New York City, opened May 1

By all means, however, let wet voters write to their Senators and Representatives, as the labor leaders advise. If labor's drive has little effect on the next session of Congress, it will have larger effects later. A national labor campaign against the Volstead act cannot fail to create a public sentiment which will tend to dampen doubting candidates in the fall of 1932 and to increase the number of wet victories in the elections of that year.

▶▶*World's Tallest*

IN 1881, in a New York boarding house, Cass Gilbert and four other men founded the New York Architectural League, as a gesture of protest against the eyesores of the period and a bid for the architect's right to design domestic buildings (office buildings, apartment houses and homes) as well as public buildings and churches. That was a day of unadventurous builders and horrible examples, many of which survive. The Chicago Fair had not yet ushered in America's architectural renaissance; New York City's dazzling Waldorf-Astoria was still unheard of; its Flatiron Building, first of the "steel cages," was quite undreamed of.

Now fifty years have passed and Mr. Gilbert and his League have spanned them. Mr. Gilbert has done so in practice: his Woolworth Building combined the Gothic ideal with skyscraper construction; his more recent New York Life Building combines the Gothic with the more modern feeling for cubic masses. That his League has followed along in spirit is testified by the fact that on its fiftieth anniversary it awarded a gold medal for distinguished accomplishment in architecture to William F. Lamb, designer of the Empire State Building, which has been called the climax of the architecture of today.

While most of the features of the skyscraper undoubtedly will persist and develop, it seems likely that the Empire State Building, at least for many years to come, will represent the culmination of the craving for sheer height. It is the world's tallest building—amazingly tall, tall enough to set the pedestrian gaping, to draw the sightseer aloft in its elevators—a prodigious monument to the modern fashion of lofty, cliff-like simplification. It should hold its own as a climax, for if higher buildings are ever built, it is probable that the man in the street will have ceased to marvel at or be interested in their tallness. The era of the tall building as such may be over.

▶▶*Bad News on Armaments*

THERE is distasteful news for America in European press dispatches indicating that France, Italy and Great Britain cannot agree on a treaty for the limitation of naval armaments. While a tentative accord for the limitation of French and Italian navies was reached under British auspices early in March, an im-

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passe developed some weeks later when France insisted that, to be safe from attack, she must be permitted to replace certain ships which Britain and Italy did not wish her to replace. After further conferences, she presented her final proposals which, press dispatches declare, were rejected by the British on April 25. This final failure, if final failure it is, will have at least two unfortunate effects.

In the first place, if France and Italy cannot agree on their naval armaments, the limitation in the London naval agreement between the United States, Great Britain and Japan may prove to be no limitation at all. Here is where the matter pinches the United States. To satisfy the British, who demand a fleet as strong as the French and Italian fleets together, the so-called escalator clause was written into the London treaty, providing that, if France or Italy builds more fighting craft, Britain, Japan and the United States may build more too. If France should carry out her determination to build more ships—and she may unless prevented by a treaty with Italy—then Britain would build more likewise, and so, consequently, would Japan and the United States, if they wish to keep their ends up.

But a disagreement between France and Italy would not only injure the London naval treaty; it would also strike at the world disarmament conference which the League of Nations has called for next February. If France, Italy and Britain, notwithstanding the world-wide depression which has ruined their revenues, cannot agree on this simple problem, the prospects that a score of nations will be able to agree on dozens of complex problems are not very bright. Indeed, with European jealousy and distrust aggravated by the proposed Austro-German customs union—which may or may not have influenced the final French naval demands—the early part of 1932 may find Europe in no mood to send delegates to any general disarmament conference. The way to bet today is not that the world conference will fail but that it will not even be held.

▶▶*The Genial General*

It is a bit unusual to find the adversaries of Major General Smedley D. Butler, and not the General himself, occupying the silly side of a dispute. It is not less surprising to discover that the General has a well-developed sense of humor.

Some days ago the Washington *Herald* quoted Dantes Bellegarde, Haitian Minister to the United States, as saying that there was no Fort Riviere in Haiti, though General Butler had been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for capturing it in 1915. Not unnaturally, the story reminded General Butler of the court-martial ordered for him, though later cancelled, when he made Mussolini the target of his recent outburst in Philadelphia. If he had not had a sense of humor, General Butler could not have responded as he did—demanding an inquiry by the Navy Department in a letter carefully paraphrasing the letter which the Department had written to him after his Mussolini speech. Before the Haitian Minister could explain that he had been misunderstood because of his imperfect command of English, the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* published a month-old address by General Butler on the taking of Fort Riviere. It showed the General at his best, joking about the dangerous reconnaissance he and two volunteers had made at Fort Riviere, good-humoredly explaining that the three Marines had engineered their citations themselves.

Baltimore Sun

"Oh! The monster overbearing"

So General Butler does not always take himself too seriously. In fact, he sometimes shows a greater sense of proportion than his critics, as the next chapter will indicate. That night, when General Butler in another speech at Philadelphia quoted a sergeant as saying "Oh, hell; I'll go first," during the raid on Fort Riviere, he found himself talking into a dead microphone. Believe it or not, some radio operator thought that "hell" was shocking and cut the General off.

▶▶*Roosevelt's Wetness*

Whatever his opponents may say to the contrary, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's veto of the Hastings medicinal liquor bill does not weaken his anti-prohibition position in the slightest. The Hastings bill, he explains, had two purposes. One was to enable New York physicians to use their own judgment in prescribing medicinal liquor. The second was to test before the United States Supreme Court the theory that New York or any other state has the right to do this, regardless of the Volstead act, which narrowly limits the amount of liquor a physician may prescribe for a patient.

Governor Roosevelt endorses both purposes. He vetoed the bill because, empowering the state Educational Department to manufacture and dispense medicinal liquor for physicians, it "contains so complicated and extravagant provisions as to make it impossible of approval." The Department of Education, he said, is neither willing nor qualified to perform these functions; the bill permits the swearing in of more than 18,000 physicians as state officers, and it is otherwise unacceptable—unacceptable as to means, not as to objectives. He believes that New York State can raise the constitutional question here at issue by passing a simple law permitting physicians, despite the Volstead act, to prescribe liquor in an unlimited amount.

On the very day he vetoed the Hastings bill, Governor Roosevelt signed the Streit bill, asking Congress to initiate a national referendum on repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, modification of the Volstead act and strict prohibition enforcement. This was the second bill of wet complexion to be signed by the Governor during the recent session of the New York Legislature. The first was the Cuvillier bill, asking Congress to call a constitutional convention to take the first steps toward repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. With his action on the Cuvillier bill in his record, and his plea of last September that dry states be allowed to be dry and wet states wet, Governor Roosevelt's wetness should be taken for granted unless or until he says or does something to cast doubt on it. He did nothing of the sort in vetoing the Hastings bill.

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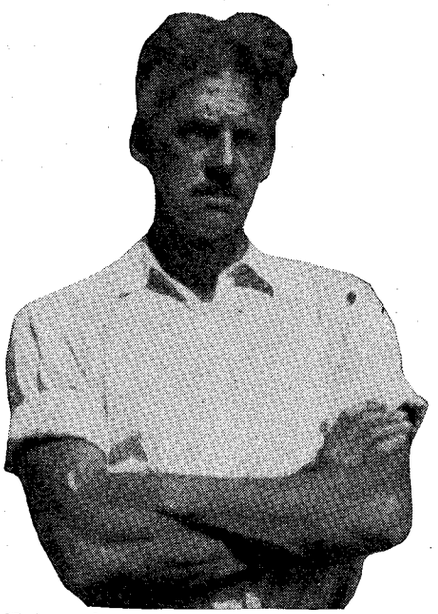
▶▶*Eugene O'Neill Cleared*

IN CLEAN-CUT, clinching fashion, Eugene O'Neill, America's best and best-known playwright, has been cleared of the charge of plagiarism brought by Georges Lewys. Miss Lewys sought to collect some $2,000,000 from Mr. O'Neill, his publisher and his producer, on the ground that, in his celebrated play, *Strange Interlude,* he had lifted dialogue, incidents and characters from her novel, *The Temple of Pallas-Athenae.* When the case was tried before Federal Judge Woolsey of New York in March, Miss Lewys' evidence seemed ludicrously weak, and apparently it was. Judge Woolsey finds that "there is not any possible ground for the contention that *Strange Interlude* is an infringement on the plaintiff's book" and dismisses Miss Lewys' plagiarism charge as "wholly preposterous." Furthermore—and here lies the broad interest of the decision—he orders her to pay the $17,500 fees of counsel for the defense.

To be sued for plagiarism unjustly is nowadays merely a mark of talent. That distinguished author is lucky who escapes such suits entirely, whether they are brought by muddled, misguided persons genuinely convinced that their work has been stolen or by others expecting to secure damages by a fluke or to make themselves such nuisances that the innocent author will buy them off rather than shoulder the heavy expense of defending himself in court. The one hope of authors is that the biters may be bitten; that the cost of their defense may be imposed upon their accusers. Let this be done in a few cases and the plagiarism-suit racket will peter out. Likewise, such honest but over-suspicious individuals as Miss Lewys appears to be will think twice before charging an author with kidnapping their brain-children.



Underwood

STRANGE INTERLUDE OVER
Plagiarism trial against Eugene O'Neill ends with his vindication

▶▶*Who Uses Rouge?*

MEAN of the American Manufacturers of Toilet Articles to douse water on the most reliable ammunition of preachers and other moralists by disclosing that the modern girl uses very little rouge. With her alleged painted cheeks and scarlet lips as banners of the new morality, the modern girl has long been good for denunciations on dull days. But now the manufacturers have come forward with a national survey which indicates that if makers of cosmetics depended on young girls to buy rouge and lipstick they'd live in an endless slump. It is elder sisters, middle-aged aunts and (ssh!) mothers who make the toilet-counter business go boom.

Contrary to popular belief, say the manufacturers, society women and the idle rich do not rouge overmuch, either. It is not the gay round of pleasure that plays hob with the pores; the life of ease etches few fine lines and erases a minimum of natural bloom. The women who really use cosmetics are the women of the great middle class who are busy all day in homes or offices, whose faces reflect the nervous and physical strains of day-to-day life, and who, when evening comes, rely gratefully on artifice to conceal the damages. What professional denouncer is going to denounce the "painted woman" now? In the face of these discoveries, especially the discoveries they might make in the faces of their own wives, our moralists had better stand up and denounce flappers and society women for not *needing* any rouge.

▶▶*Trotsky on the Czar*

"LEON TROTSKY—Edith Wharton—I. A. R. Wylie—Nunnally Johnson—" you read on the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* for April 25. Yes, it's true, this Trotsky in the *Post* business. A discreet editor's note excuses the Communist viewpoint of the articles on the Russian revolution on grounds of their historical importance; nevertheless it is true that Trotsky has done what many a staunch capitalist writer would gladly start a revolution to accomplish—he has "made" the *Post.*

Wide World

"S. E. POSTING"

His first article deals with the Czar and Czarina—that endlessly interesting couple. Trotsky writes penetratingly of Nicholas, of his mediocrity, his weakness, his cruelty and his complete indifference to what was taking place around him. It seems that Nicholas kept a diary. Most diaries, it is true, are trivial, but listen to what the Czar of all the Russias wrote while revolution—perhaps the most momentous revolution in history—was brewing all around him—"Have walked long and killed two crows. Drank tea by daylight." And again: "Walked in a thin shirt and resumed canoeing. Drank tea on the balcony. Stana dined and canoed with us." Uprisings and dynamite explosions he acknowledged simply with "Lovely doings!"

Trotsky presents the Czar as a man endowed with "not a single quality that could have fitted him for the rulership of an empire, or even a province or county," hostile to all who were not giftless like himself, removed from reality, wholly apathetic. His calmness in the face of his tragic end has been variously attributed to self-control, fatalism, alcohol and drugs. Trotsky attributes it simply to poverty of spiritual powers, weakness and "something missing inside." It seems probable that he is right. After all, shrewd modern rulers have ways of understanding when the time comes to make concessions or to skip. Kaiser Wilhelm knew. Alfonso of Spain stepped out adroitly when he had to. The opinion grows that it was no inescapable

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Greek-style destiny but sheer stupidity which brought the Czar and his family to that house of doom in Ekaterinburg.

▶▶*Russia Hits Back*

WITH the Hydes, the Fishes and the D. A. R. denouncing Russia under forced draft, with the Treasury Department raising an embargo barrier against lumber and pulpwood from northern Russia, the average American remains indifferent when he is not enthusiastic. Any and all attacks on the "damned Bolsheviks" are apt to win his approval until he learns that they bring counter-attacks which are hard on his pocketbook.

The economic object of most American assaults on Russia is to prevent her from exporting any of her goods to the United States. But the natural disposition of Russia is not to buy here if she cannot sell here. This is not to say that Russia will not buy any more American goods, but that, as Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent, explains in the New York *Times,* she will not buy any more than necessary.

"The Soviet," says Mr. Duranty, "will not buy for two reasons—it cannot afford to and does not want to." The first reason arises from the fact that Soviet Russia, with the fall in the prices of its principal exports, is forced to make her purchases on long-term credit, and she is beginning to receive more attractive terms in Europe than in America. As for the second reason, Russia has wearied of our oratorical campaign—with economic overtones—against her, a campaign culminating in the Treasury Department's embargo. Hence she is doing her shopping elsewhere. Mr. Duranty reports that important orders for machines and other products required by the Soviet zinc industry, which were to have been placed in the United States, have actually been placed in Germany, that airplane motors, formerly bought here, are now being bought in Italy, and so on.

A gloomy picture? But still only part of it, for Germany and Poland—Poland, Russia's most intense enemy—are moving heaven and earth to land more of our trade with Russia, trade which made Russia our third best foreign customer in February of this year. Some who hope to stop the spread of Communism may argue that capitalistic America would do well to stop selling goods to Russia, since we are merely arming the enemy. But this argument falls flat. It implies that if Russia does not get her goods in the United States she will not get them at all. Actually, we hurt ourselves, not Russia, when we discourage Russian-American trade. Russia is going to get the goods she needs somewhere. It is to our advantage to have her get them here.

▶▶*Fish and the Daughters*

THE Daughters of the American Revolution deserve applause for the way they handled Representative Ham Fish of New York. There is no use taking any chances, even if Mr. Fish is the country's best-known Red-baiter. After all, there is a difference between liberty and license, if we may coin a phrase, and there is a difference between giving Mr. Fish liberty to make a speech and license to say anything that occurs to him. Of course, Mr. Fish has always claimed that he is a liberal, but many a man has claimed to be a liberal only to have some patriotic organization discover him to be a radical.

Keystone

CENSORED BY THE D. A. R.
Representative Hamilton Fish of New York State

At any rate, on the night before Mr. Fish was to deliver his speech before the D. A. R. convention in Washington, the Daughters discovered that it actually contained a passage criticizing the State Department, specifically, the Department's recent Nicaraguan policy. There was only one thing to do and the Daughters did it. They blue-penciled the offending paragraphs promptly and ruthlessly. Nevertheless, during his speech Mr. Fish found occasion to say that the State Department should not be above or beyond criticism. For a liberal, that is going a long way toward radicalism, as the Daughters well know. Vigilant to the last, however, they secured a special guard for their hall on the day Mr. Fish spoke. Rebellion can raise its ugly head very quickly, and it is always wise to take steps to prevent the development of an imminently revolutionary situation. One can't be too sure, what with American Communists numbered by the dozens, what with New York City a kind of arsenal—as Mr. Fish himself said—for Sandino and other Latin-American revolutionaries, and what with just about everything. Really, the Daughters went pretty far in letting Mr. Fish make any speech at all.

▶▶*At the Ringside*

TO THE amusement of all Democrats and most Republicans, Chairman Fess of the Republican National Committee came off second best in his bout with Jouett Shouse of the Democratic National Executive Committee. The trouble began when the San Francisco *Chronicle* ran a gossipy story about Mr. Shouse's April 15 speech to the San Francisco Democratic Club. According to the *Chronicle,* Mr. Shouse, believing that his radio time had expired and that he was speaking confidentially, charged the Republican National Committee with purchasing and distributing 10,000,000 copies of the *North American Review* containing an article by Robert Cruise McManus which referred to Chairman Raskob of the Democratic National Committee as a "Catholic wet."

Unwisely dropping his guard, Dr. Fess accepted the *Chronicle* story without checking the facts, characterized the charge as "a deliberate lie" and declared that Mr. Shouse was "engaging in a contemptible, skulking appeal to religious prejudice" and "attempting by adroit falsehood to fasten the offense on the Republican National Committee." Thereupon Mr. Shouse shot over a stinging reply, assisted, perhaps, by Charles

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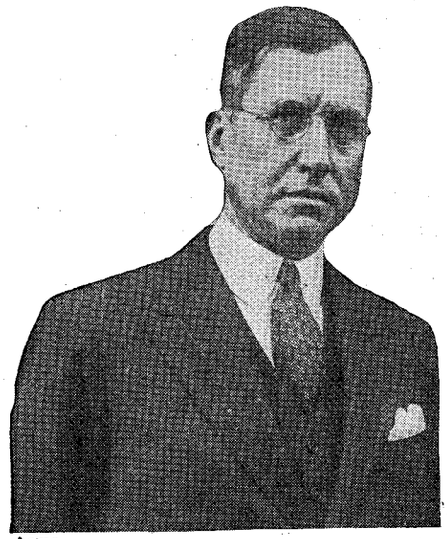
Michelson, able Democratic press agent. Mr. Fess had said that Mr. Shouse made his charge "believing himself safe from



Acme

IN THIS CORNER
Jouett Shouse of the Democratic National Executive Committee

discovery." Mr. Shouse called attention to the San Francisco newspaper reporters, who had been sitting almost at his feet. He declared that he had charged the Republican National Committee, not with flooding the country with the *North American Review,* but with reprints of an article by Frank Kent in *Scribner's* —as Dr. Fess was forced to admit it had done.

As an impartial, entertained observer at the ringside, may we add a few observations of our own? In the first place, the *Chronicle* referred to the McManus article so as to leave the impression that it was an attack on Mr. Raskob. It wasn't. It was friendly and laudatory. Secondly, the talk of buying 10,000,000 copies of the *Review* is nonsense, and will be recognized as such in any magazine office. Thirdly, to judge by the edition of the *Chronicle* at hand, Dr. Fess misquoted it flagrantly. Finally, it is a bit delicious to find Republican leaders, so soon after the catch-as-catch-can campaign of 1928, becoming indignant over intimations that they in all their purity would seek to stir up religious prejudice.

▶▶*Case for Federal Action*

"That Mooney and Billings are being held in prison long after every shred of evidence against them has collapsed, because of politics, prejudice and timidity, has been the unescapable conclusion of everyone who has made an impartial investigation of their cases." So writes Lillian Symes in the May issue of *Harpers.* She also says—and her statements square with those of other unbiased investigators—that Mooney and Billings were "the victims of a particularly malicious frame-up," and that, "whoever committed the crime [the 1916 Preparedness Day bombing in San Francisco], there can be no question at this time that the men who have suffered for it are innocent."

This being so, what is to be done about it? Some time this month, it has been announced, Frank P. Walsh, Mooney's counsel, will seek a pardon for his client from Governor Rolph, fourth man to hold the office of Governor since the Mooney-Billings case opened. However, while Governor Rolph would make himself a national figure and win world-wide commendation by pardoning Mooney, it might mean the end of his political career in California, where the pro-Mooney faction is small and weak, the anti-Mooney faction large and powerful. For this reason and others, the freeing of Mooney by order of the Governor seems almost too much to hope for. Moreover, it should be remembered that, even if Governor Rolph did free Mooney, he could not free Billings save on recommendation of the California Supreme Court, which last year twice refused to make this recommendation.

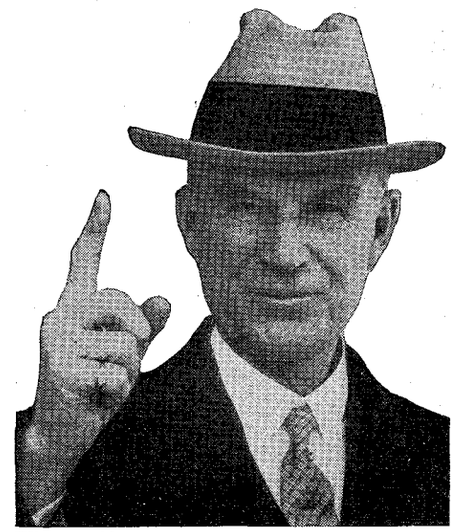
To look at the matter as coolly as possible, if there is any hope for Mooney and Billings—and if there isn't something very serious has happened to America and the American system of justice—it will probably be found to lie, not inside California, but outside it. It may lie in a federal investigation, with its consequent publicizing of facts appalling enough to create nation-wide sentiment which would force California to act. If the Wickersham Commission wished to redeem itself for its craven report on prohibition, it would cry the facts of the Mooney-Billings case to the high heavens in its forthcoming report on the lawlessness of law-enforcers. In view of its prohibition report, one hardly expects it to. However, there should be sufficient sympathy for Mooney and Billings in the country to secure a federal investigation by some one else besides the Wickershammers. Both investigations of the case by the federal government in 1918 produced evidence of the first importance. Perhaps a third federal investigation would set Mooney and Billings free. In any case, it is worth trying.

▶▶*Two Steps Forward*

The liberalization of the Christian church on divorce and birth control continues. It is not a speedy process—the laws of many Christian churches are still far behind the best civil laws on these subjects—but it is nevertheless steady and encouraging.

As evidence of the process, note the reports of two church bodies accidentally made public on the same day, April 26. One report, from the Commission on Marriage, Divorce and Remarriage of the Presbyterian Church, will be submitted to the Presbyterian General Assembly, meeting in Pittsburgh on May 28. While it reaffirms the historic Presbyterian injunction against divorce except on grounds of adultery or irremediable desertion, it frankly approves the use of contraceptives as a means of birth control, though it states that when this method is adopted "it should only be in fidelity to the highest spiritual ideals of the Christian home."

The second document is the tentative report of a commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which will probably be submitted in substantially its present form to the general Episcopal convention, meeting in Denver on September 16. The Episcopal commission proposes a drastic revision of the canon law on matrimony. Hitherto the Episcopalians have considered adultery the only ground for divorce. Moreover, aside from the innocent parties in divorces



Wide World

IN THIS CORNER
Simeon D. Fess, chairman of the Republican National Committee

granted because of adultery, marriages in which one or both participants are divorced persons have been unlawful.

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The proposed new canon would remove all grounds for divorce, including adultery. While this would appear to be reactionary, it is actually progressive, since all penalties hitherto applying against divorced persons would be removed. That is to say, a person who in a civil court had secured a divorce on any ground might be remarried by an Episcopal minister, though not in a church or with the customary marriage service and not without the approval of a Bishop or an ecclesiastical court.

Obviously there are many conditions and reservations in these two reports, but quite as obviously the two churches contemplate steps forward. No doubt they will eventually take further steps, and no doubt other denominations will do likewise, until the attitude of the Christian church as a whole coincides with that of its most liberal and intelligent members.

▶▶*King Looks to America*

KING PRAJADHIPOK of Siam closed the first of the thirteen weeks he has devoted to his American visit with a talk on politics. While he returned to the front page merely by granting the interview of April 27, apparently the first since he ascended the throne in 1926, he returned with a bang by using that interview to announce plans to give the suffrage to his people, over whom he rules without restraint. The King's project, or at least that part of it which he made public, is to equip his people gradually for a parliamentary form of government. Believing that the first step toward suffrage should be made in the municipalities, he proposes a municipal law under which the people would be permitted to elect some of their city councilors. Needless to say, he plans nothing that will strike the western world as radical.

While he is in America, he says, he will be "greatly interested in studying the form of franchise and whether voting really expresses the will of the majority." He wants to find out "about the American form of voting and how the campaigns are conducted." One wonders what the results will be. Will he care to exchange his absolute rule for a form of government involving backboneless parties and meaningless party platforms, bigoted campaigns and boss-controlled primaries, fanatical minorities setting themselves up as custodians of public morality, Mooney-and-Billings justice, rampant lobbyists, office-buying public servants, district leaders, ward heelers, Big Bill Thompsons, pussyfooting and gerrymandering. Until his study is over and he has announced his conclusions, let's not be sure that he will accord us the flattery of imitation. Maybe he will prefer to let well enough alone.

Remarkable Remarks

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks Contest will be found on Page 32.

Spend all you can; never mind what your husband says; that is the best way to spread prosperity.—CHARLES M. SCHWAB.

Robert S. Jenks, 88 N. Prospect St., Burlington, Vt., $5 prize.

Ford . . . is the most useful man born in this country since Lincoln . . . his usefulness to the nation is known only to the Angel Gabriel.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Henry Herring, 513 Rogers St., Waxahachie, Texas, $2 prize.

If I don't drink, and you don't drink and citizens don't drink there will be no bootlegging and no liquor . . . It will be a very easy thing if we stop talking and stop drinking.—RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

Maurice Sagoff, 525 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., $2 prize.

The most difficult of all tasks for lawyers is to agree upon what the law is.—CHIEF JUSTICE CHARLES EVANS HUGHES.

R. Stack, 27 Woolsey St., New Haven, Conn., $2 prize.

I have made a so-called trip around the world. I still believe the world is flat.—WILBUR GLENN VOLIVA.

Thomas G. Norris, 439 E. Third St., Cincinnati, O., $2 prize.

My only hurt was a scalded foot, suffered in a bath. I was a silly fool to scald myself, and I will never go near a bathtub again as long as I live.—WILBUR GLENN VOLIVA.

Mrs. L. N. Ridenour, 606 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Ill., $2 prize.

There has been petting ever since Adam and Eve and there always will be.—DEAN THOMAS ARKLE CLARK.

J. J. Bruehlman, Woodville, O., $2 prize.

Never before has a girl had so much opportunity to know men from so many angles.—PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE.

Forrest Allen, Wisconsin State Journal, Madison, Wisconsin, $2 prize.

No collegiate has had more fun with a raccoon coat than I. It not only made me feel younger but act younger. I may go to kindergarten this fall.—O. O. McINTYRE.

Henry C. Suter, S. Jacksonville, Fla., $1 prize.

An office-seeker would be a rotter if he did not recognize the man who got his job for him. But I must say that when I was working for Tammany I did not know of anyone who took graft and I do not now. Nor do I countenance graft in any form.—DISTRICT LEADER ANNIE MATHEWS.

R. Parker Eastwood, 21 Claremont Ave., New York, $1 prize.

Politics is a sucker's game.—MAYOR JAMES J. WALKER.

J. Philip Howard, 26 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass., $1 prize.

▶▶*Stream of Consciousness*

BASEBALL SEASON open two weeks now. Haven't seen a game. None last year either. Year before, though. Giants and, let's see, Brooklyn. Queer club. Always going to win, never does. See they've taken those crazy Indian heads off the backs of their uniforms. Must have had a good time training in Havana. Bacardi—boy! Then lost five straight. Next season they'll train in California. Wonder what they're doing out there. About as big crowds as anywhere. No, not as big as New York. Seventy thousand first day in New York. Eighty next. Pretty good. Almost a record. Maybe is. Anyway, record on first day for the two leagues—two hundred and forty-five thousand for eight games. Over thirty thousand each. Some money. Funny depression doesn't cut the crowds. Some paper said some of the fellows in Yankee Stadium didn't know where they'd get their supper. Baloney. Not many people rather go to baseball than eat. Most of them go there to eat peanuts. And drink pop. Maybe that's the reason for baseball—somewhere to

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throw your peanut shells, somewhere you can eat peanuts without feeling ashamed. Coolidge didn't say anything about baseball in his piece about spring. Sap-flowing and all that. Birds singing. Hoover opened season, tossed ball to Nick Altrock. Great clown, Altrock. Fixture. Like Red Faber, eighteenth year with White Sox. Still pitching. The Babe was a pitcher. Wearing sun glasses this year. Tough luck he got hurt. Home runs, anyway. And all that talk about having a dead ball. Seems lively as ever. Bet St. Louis thought it was dead for them last world's series. Like to have seen Cubs at the Athletics then. They can sock it. Reckon they'll miss old Joe McCarthy. Joe's real manager. Yankees orta like him. Bet they'd like to have that pennant again. And world's series. About five months away. Hundred and forty more games. Warmer in a week or two. Better go up to the stadium. Else people'll be saying you're not patriotic. Maybe deport you. Send you back to Russia where you came from. Be funny to see Russians play baseball. With those whiskers. Heh.

▶▶*In Brief*

"To my mind," says that Philadelphia radio director, "the word 'hell,' no matter how it is used, is indecent and immodest." A rather harsh criticism to make of the phrase "he descended into hell" from the Apostles Creed. . . . As an impartial but amazed observer, may we ask what will become of this campaign against Mr. Raskob when Mr. Raskob resigns, as he presumably will long before the 1932 election? . . . . "King of Siam," says a newspaper headline, "Studies Vote for His People." Undeterred by fact that King of Spain has been studying vote *by* his people. . . . Idea for a Follies sketch: U. S. Marine takes two steps inland to save the life of an American citizen being assaulted by Nicaraguan bandits. On order from Washington he is executed for treason. . . . Thank the *Associated Press* for the best of fish stories, appearing under a Hammond, Indiana, date line. It follows: "This is a fish story based upon a tale by Hugo Volkam. After hooking a pickerel yesterday, he sprained his ankle, fell to the bottom of the boat, injured his scalp, wrenched his back and neck in arising, lost his false teeth, then toppled into lake. When fellow fishermen pulled him out he was holding on to the fish."

One Way We Can Go

Senator Couzens, in his recent letter of protest to the Chamber of Commerce in Washington, called the attention of the country once more to the cardinal point brought out so far by the business depression. This is, as Karl Marx once predicted, that consumption, not production, is our trouble—and short of huge new foreign markets is likely to remain so for some time. Wherefore the Senator urges a continuance of high wages and a pool of industrial funds in various manufacturing lines, to finance work insurance, so as to stabilize purchasing power.

Aside from the immediate practical problems which the proposal faces—many lines are forcing a reduction in hours, which in effect is a reduction of wages—aside from this, the suggestion is interesting because of the basic problems which it raises. To begin with, it is clear that any such proposal, call it what you like, is based on the assumption that any society or industry worthy of the name will guarantee to all its citizens or workers at least a continuous opportunity to get enough to eat, and will not talk about a special share of the good things of life until this has been accomplished.

Once this is accepted as a principle, it is obvious that Senator Couzens does not go far enough in his proposals. For practical as his suggestions may be for certain favored basic industries, they are insufficient to accomplish his purpose over our whole economic field.

Granted that his proposal could be applied to certain of our great and prosperous corporations. There remains the uncomfortable fact that, roughly speaking, about half of American business enterprises are usually close to the line of bankruptcy. In times of depression, it is these businesses which either cut wages or shut down. It is the labor employed in them which first loses its purchasing power and starts the vicious circle which cripples everybody.

An instant's consideration of these businesses—where the engineer is not yet supreme—makes clear at once the inadequacy of industrial work insurance in key industries as a complete solution for the problem of under-consumption, or a panacea for security of income. The poker game of individual opportunity which we are playing in America is in effect a dinner table where the loss of a seat means to the player not only the loss of the ability to buy, but the loss of the chance to eat.

Inevitably, therefore, it seems to us that to adopt Mr. Couzen's scheme is to take merely the first step along what would prove to be a long path. Whatever might be achieved by industrial work insurance it would be necessary to provide state work for those who are unemployed in times of depression, or dislocation, if any secure foundation for the purchasing power of the whole country were to be obtained along these lines. In other words, before the game could go on properly all would have to be assured of seats. Which in this case would mean state work at a minimum wage for those reputable men and women who were temporarily unable to find a job through dislocations which were no fault of their own.

Since it is true that under any such plan private charity would be supplanted by state work planned in advance with a view to society's needs and paid for by society as a whole, the money thus spent would presumably directly improve the physical environment of our communities and to a certain extent make profitable what is now a clear waste of man power. As a whole, the country would take a step up. The small sustenance wage paid to state project workers would hasten their reentrance into private industry at the same time that it discharged society's duty to the individual. In addition, once the cost was clear, to end depression and unemployment would become the concern of all. Capitalism would not only have assured every player of a seat at the table. It would have added a ham sandwich.

Unfortunately, however, we are unable to remain under any illusions as to the probable cost of such a program, through taxation, to those who are now in receipt of dividends, interest, salaries and wages. We are of the opinion that even the most favorable estimate would open the country's eyes to the meagre average prosperity which the nation has attained. If such a program were to be adopted as a possible ideal toward which to strive, the country would have to tighten its belt, prepare for taxes like England's, and go through something like a Five Year Plan.

The advantages would be obvious, and would go far beyond the one step taken. Not only would one particular problem

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have been solved, but our minds would be clarified not only toward all future proposals like Senator Couzens's but toward all the difficult allied problems of tariffs, wages, immigration, taxes, monopolies, birth control and planned production and consumption. America would have an economic policy. But it would not come easily.

THE EDITORS.

Backstage in Washington

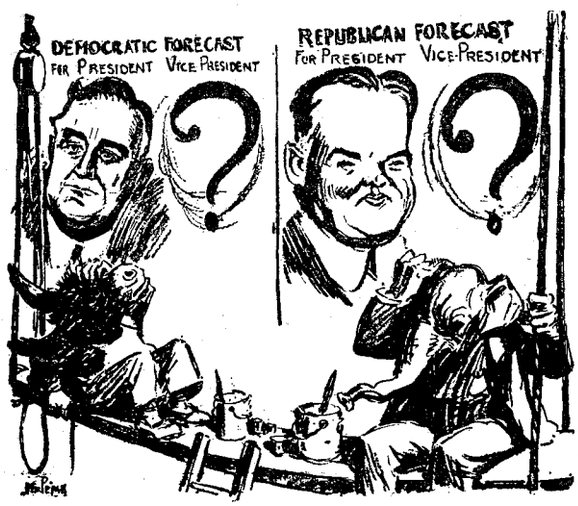
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE UNDERSTAND that "Johnnie" Raskob was handed some bad news by his hired man, Jouett Shouse, upon the latter's return from a tour of the country designed to discover just what conditions are, politically, on the eve of another presidential election. Whereas the National Chairman definitely favors Al Smith or Owen D. Young for the nomination, and is listed as a more or less open enemy of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mr. Shouse reported to his boss that the New York Governor was an outstanding favorite out on the Pacific coast, and well thought of in many other sections of the country. Indeed, if Mr. Roosevelt should suffer no severe setback, Mr. Shouse is virtually reconciled to his selection to run against President Hoover next year.

Quite as interesting, however, as Mr. Roosevelt's emergence, is the definite evidence that another member of Woodrow Wilson's official family is toying with the thought of seeking the presidency. Despite the coyness with which he let it be known that he was a candidate, Newton D. Baker has given the impression that he would like to be nominated, if only to vindicate the memory of his erstwhile hero, Mr. Wilson. The latter's star has been on the decline since his death and the defeat of his great international projects, but there are definite indications that many of his seemingly visionary ideals are taking hold even in G. O. P. circles. It was, perhaps, more than coincidence that saw Mr. Baker's announcement precede by only a few days William W. Atterbury's criticism of the policy of economic isolation which the Republican Party has clung to for the last decade. We may yet see Mr. Wilson's program in effect as a result of the working of economic forces; his supposedly unselfish ideals may yet become the bread-and-butter policies which will help to bring back prosperity.

In the past all talk of Mr. Baker has been dismissed with the comment that his intense interest in the League of Nations, as well as his general international views, would bar him from further advancement. The diminutive Cleveland lawyer is peculiarly susceptible to such criticism, for of all the Wilson Cabinet he undoubtedly loved and admired the dead President, and had more faith in the League than all the others put together. Mr. Baker never doubted even during periods when other Wilson worshippers lost heart or preferred the path of expediency.

Indeed, it is said of Mr. Baker that, even now, he prefaces every public address with a few words in favor of American adherence to the League. He virtually took a vow, according to his friends, to devote himself to the cause of international coöperation through this or a similar tribunal.



Newark Evening News

Waiting for inspiration

If this be so, it might prove a weakness in any campaign for the nomination, and an even greater obstacle to success at the polls. The League, for many years at least, is a dead issue in American politics, and never more so than now. Questions a good deal closer to home than the Geneva body will dominate the 1932 election, and the selection of candidates for that contest.

Yet Mr. Baker, with the help of Mr. Atterbury and many other Republican industrialists, may be able to make a good case for the underlying principles of the Wilsonian policies. Men and women walking the streets on a hunt for a job may be willing to try remedies which they discarded so gaily a decade ago, and forgot completely during the era of prosperity. They know, at least, that the economic and political barriers which three Republican administrations have erected against trade or thought in common with the rest of the world have not brought peace or prosperity. So they may be ready to listen to Mr. Baker's proposals for closer coöperation with Europe and the other nations.

This, we understand, will be the tack which men like Mr. Baker or Mr. Roosevelt — another Wilsonian — will take should their former loyalties be raised against them in a presidential contest. Ironically, both men are in an especially strategic position to remind Mr. Hoover of his former attitude on the subject of international friendships, for he, too, was a Wilsonian until it developed that the Democratic President's ideas were not liked by the American people at the time, and that their proponent would not get far, politically. Consistency may yet prove to be a jewel even in American politics.

Frankly, we do not expect Mr. Baker's candidacy to get beyond the first few ballots. There are, for one thing, several other hopefuls in his State of Ohio, including Governor George White, Senator Robert J. Bulkley and James M. Cox. What Mr. Baker may do is to furnish a rallying point for that small but influential group of Democrats who have always resented the party's forgetfulness of the War President. Most of these men are antagonistic to Chairman Raskob, and also to all who have associated themselves with the latter's program, including Al Smith, Mr. Young and Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland.

The Wilsonian faction, rightly or wrongly, regard themselves as the only idealists in the party. They think their ideals have been betrayed by the men who have dominated the party since Mr. Wilson's death. With Mr. Baker as their candidate, they might turn out to be an effective trader at the national convention—and it is more than likely that they will eventually be found behind Mr. Roosevelt, if only because there may be no place else to go.

A. F. C.

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The Week in Business

▶▶Still Marking Time

IF IT isn't asking too much, we should like to see a little statistical evidence of the "better business psychology" reported by Uncle Roger and a few of the other economic observers and forecasters.

Commodity prices, in the United States and Great Britain, are still about 20 per cent under the levels of eighteen months ago. Weekly car loadings are running about 175,000 under a year ago, and it does not require much imagination to grasp the fact that a sizeable amount of wholesale and retail business is involved in the handling of 175,000 cars of revenue freight.

Steel production continues at about 50% of theoretical capacity. Motor manufacture shows some improvement but not enough to call for three rousing cheers. At the present rate, it seems likely that production for the first half of 1931 will be about 2,000,000 units, against 2,300,000 for the first six months of 1930. If the 1930 total of 3,500,000 units is to be exceeded, or even equaled, in 1931, the automobile manufacturers must bear down hard on the accelerator between July 1 and December 31.

With a moderate daily share turnover in the stock market, bank clearings are a more dependable index now than they were during the foolishness of 1929. They are running from 10 to 12 per cent under the totals of a year ago. Business failures are from 10 to 15 per cent up. And so on, Uncle Roger. If you can dig up some figures to support your Pollyanna attitude, we shall be grateful. But our guess is that you are merely telling us what you think we should like to hear.

▶▶Mees of Kodak Park

OF GEORGE EASTMAN'S achievements, which are many, one of the greatest is his purchase of Wratten & Wainright, Ltd., English manufacturers of photographic plates, for by this move he was able to bring to Rochester the world's foremost technical expert in photography, Dr. C. E. Kenneth Mees.

Like "Doc" Baekeland, Mees was attracted to photography while still an undergraduate. On leaving the University of London he immediately joined the research staff of Wratten & Wainright, and by the time he was 31 his work had brought him the Henderson award for scientific research in photography, the silver medal of the Royal Society of Arts and the progress medal of the Royal Photographic Society.

At Kodak Park (if you get within shooting distance of Rochester, don't miss seeing this remarkable 400-acre plant with its own streets, sewers, water system, railroad tracks and fire department) Dr. Mees is the mainspring of a research staff of nearly 200, which has perfected the motion picture film, color photography, the Cine-Kodak, "teaching films" and scores of other photographic devices and processes.

Like "Ket," Dr. Mees is approachable, friendly and not at all high-hat. He is fond of cross-country rambling and is rare company on a long walk, but don't start out hiking with him unless the old underpinning is prepared to stand the acid test. Above all, don't try to impress him with your encyclopedic knowledge of photography. He still regards many of its processes as "mysterious," and on that point his opinion rates A-1.

▶▶Vagaries—Series 18

OUR fear that the supply of business oddities might be unfavorably affected by seasonal variation appears to have been, like most fears, without a basis in fact. In the spring crop we note:

1. That English inventor, A. H. J. Wright, who is showing the British motor manufacturers how to make light, resilient, cheap automobile bodies out of asbestos.

2. That German engineer, Reinhold Tiling, whose rockets, set in motion by tele-ignition, are used as mail-carriers and for meteorological surveys.

3. That New Haven printer, Patsy Cunningham, who foiled a $5,000 payroll holdup by pointing a monkey-wrench at a would-be bandit.

4. That French scientist, Louis Lumiere, who has evolved a metal film which is as light as celluloid but more durable. The secret of the process has not been revealed.

5. That Englishman, transplanted to the United States, who had six sheep shorn at 6:30 A. M.; prepared, spun and wove the wool; and delivered a suit of clothes made up from it at 12:58 P. M. the same day.

6. That electrical robot, developed by the General Electric Company, which figuratively stands with its hands on the lever of a high-speed newspaper press, ready to stop the press instantly if there is a break in the paper web.

C. E. K. MEES

7. That vertical parking machine, perfected by the Westinghouse Electrical and Manufacturing Company. Operated mechanically by a key or coin, it houses 24 automobiles, using only the ground space required for a two-car garage.

▶▶Economic Essays for Laymen

G. D. H. COLE is one of the few present-day economists who can put their message in clear, direct, unclouded English. In *Gold, Credit and Employment* (Macmillan, $1.75) he has brought together four illuminating essays, one of which has not been published before. Two of the others appeared originally in *The New Leader* and one in *The New Statesman.*

Gold, says Mr. Cole, must continue in use as a means of international payment, but the supply of internal currency should be based on the needs of industry and commerce rather than on the stock of gold. Proper adjustment of currency and credit cannot be secured by merely altering their volume, because, if this is done, credit may flow into speculation instead of production, and so result in higher prices. It is therefore necessary to control the destination as well as the amount of credit, and accordingly to control the joint-stock banks (the main granters of credit) as well as the Bank of England (the chief regulator of its amount).

England, Mr. Cole continues, needs enough gold to meet possible demands for it as a means of external payment, but does not need any gold at all for her internal note circulation, which should be "managed" wholly without reference to the supply of gold but in close relation to the world's price level and the nation's internal productive capacity.

FRANK A. FALL.

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The Spotlight on Sports

▶▶*American Rugby*

HARVARD, Yale and Princeton have taken up Rugby football unofficially. That is to say, a group of boys who don't go in for rowing, baseball or lacrosse have formed impromptu Rugger teams and are busy trying to forget habits induced by the blocking and ball-freezing character of the American code.

These improvised Rugby teams are in keeping with the casual, happy-go-lucky spirit of English Rugger. They receive no backing from athletic association treasuries—are not recognized by collegiate executives. They have no paid coach, no settled time for practice. It is all delightfully informal, and the boys seem to be enjoying themselves hugely. Old Oxford and Cambridge Blues, taking post-graduate courses over here, serve as volunteer teachers while actually competing side by side with their pupils.

I saw Yale put up a surprisingly nippy showing recently against a team of former Rugby university men now in business in New York. Can you picture former stars of the American gridiron taking time off from business each week to play football? Well, Rugby is like that. It sticks with a man after college days are done.

Rugby calls for fifteen men on a side. No substitutions are allowed—not even for injury! If a man is hurt, his side plays one short. This would seem like an invitation to roughness, but the deliberate attempt to cripple a rival is unknown in Rugby. The game simply isn't played in that spirit.

Interference, the cardinal feature of our game, is illegal. Furthermore, the runner must get rid of the ball when tackled—fantastic as that sounds to Americans reared on the doctrine, "Hold the ball."

There is no continuity of possession in Rugby. After each play the ball is tossed between the feet of the rival forwards, who lock arms in a close-knit phalanx called "the scrum." Either side may secure possession by hurling the ball out to its waiting backs.

Forward passing is taboo. Players may run with the ball, toss it laterally, or dribble it with their feet. Rugger strikes the American novice as a hybrid mixture of soccer, basketball, and Yankee football. It is fun to play, fairly exciting to watch, but lacks the scientific strategy, the dramatic situations, and the cumulative suspense which identify our game. You couldn't chart a Rugby match—it is simply a helter-skelter scramble, the ball changing hands as often as the puck does in hockey.

▶▶*Greatest Golfer*

THE BEST GOLFER of all time? "Not me," says Bobby Jones, with typical southern gallantry, "that honor belongs to a woman. Her name is Joyce Wethered, retired British ladies' champion. Golf matches are lost rather than won. All right, in the course of an average round Miss Wethered will miss fewer shots than any man who ever played the game —Vardon included."

Now you tell one.

▶▶*Polo*

INDOOR POLO is not harmful to a player's form outdoors according to John Rafferty, who referees most of the Metropolitan games. In fact ambitious youngsters pick up the subtle niceties of polo more quickly on the restricted tanbark surface, Rafferty believes.

"Now that the colleges are stressing armory polo," said Rafferty, "our future Meadowbrook internationalists will be developed indoors. The tanbark game demands a higher grade of horsemanship than outdoor polo, because sudden stops, sharp pivots and quick decisions are accentuated. The pace is faster since there is less room to maneuver. Mallet work must be more expert in a limited arena. The wall caroms also speed up muscular reflexes and teach novices to judge angled shots.

"Indoor polo has all the elements of popular appeal which have made ice hockey such a drawing card with the American public. The time is coming when international polo matches will be staged on tanbark. Farsighted sports promoters should build an arena big enough to seat the thousands who will want to watch America face a British trio indoors. Armories lack seating capacity. Madison Square Garden has the seats but the ring is too small for really sound polo."

▶▶*Indoor Sport*

HAIL THE COMMON KITCHEN CHAIR as a weapon of masculine offense! The qualifying adjective is used advisedly, for the daughters of Eve long since discovered the efficacy of this household appliance as a subduer of rambunctious husbands.

It remained for Clyde Beatty, animal trainer extraordinary, to demonstrate that the kitchen chair was the most effective medium for discouraging a lion's charge. Beatty is the white-shirted boy who enters the circus cage with forty assorted lions and tigers twice a day and puts them through their stunts to the accompaniment of growls and snarls which would have given even Daniel that "all-gone" feeling.

Beatty carries a bull whip, a revolver loaded with blank cartridges, and an ordinary kitchen chair into the cage. He cracks the whip over the snouts of recalcitrant lions, fires his blanks in the faces of bewildered tigers, but his life depends on that harmless-looking chair. Its wooden legs serve as a barricade to keep the beasts at a respectable distance.

No visit from the ingratiating Dexter Fellowes inspired this bit of circus publicity. Sport is a broad topic, and I think Beatty's act can properly be interpreted as a sporting venture. Everybody but the lions and tigers gets a kick out of the performance, and they obviously live in hopes. Even Beatty believes that he will "get his" some day. "The whip cracks and the pistol shots scare 'em a bit," he says, "but that old chair is my best bet. I've got a revolver loaded with shells in my other pocket, but I wouldn't get a chance to draw it if they rushed me in a body. Lack of organization is their trouble. They don't know about the Lions' Club."

A lion, in case you don't know, is no match for a Bengal tiger. The latter is pure cat—has faster reflexes, and is bigger. A tiger would get a death-grip while the lion was preparing to strike.

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Alimony for Men!

By RUTH BROWN REED

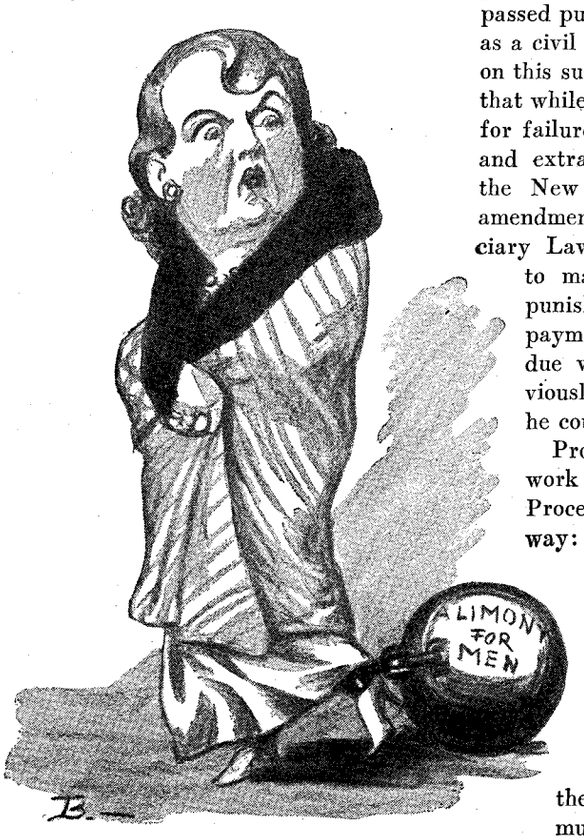
I LIVE in a towering set-back Manhattan apartment house. My small apartment is on the rear, high above the rush and roar of the street. The walls are supposedly sound-proof. When you open the door and go in, a soft, tranquil silence greets you—or did, until recently.

Recently a woman's voice penetrated. Through plaster and thick walls it came, with an insistent staccato pitch that was sharply irritating. Plainly it was a young woman's voice, and it rasped with an unhealthy triumph. Her telephone must be very close to our mutual wall. I can hear it ring, catch much of what she says. At first I listened only casually. Later, lost to all decency, I flattened my abandoned self against the wall, eagerly drinking in the strange phenomenon.

Her husband has separated from her, and if ever a woman was out to get her pound of flesh in good, fat alimony, it is this woman on the other side of the wall. I won't repeat verbatim her illuminating telephone conversations; I'd hate to have such a strong-minded female on my trail for libel. Let this suffice: She has been married a year and a half. She has no children. She worked before she was married. She is, as far as my own feeble observation goes, 100 per cent as good physically and mentally (I'll have to leave out the spiritually) as she was before she was married.

I judge she is about thirty. I have gone down in the same elevator with her, heaven help me, and by the grace of God refrained from withering her with a righteous feminine look. I have contented myself instead with thumbing my nose at her from my side of the wall and using her as the horrible example of this article. Besides, there is a movement afoot that may trip up such rapacious ex-wives, unless they work fast. A fight against the existing alimony laws is under way. There is a magazine dedicated to the amelioration of the alimony evil. On January 27th, just past, there was presented in the New York legislature a proposed amendment to the alimony law. Plans are under way to advocate similar legislation in other states of the union where it is needed.

More than 1,000,000 women in the United States are reported to be living on alimony. Little wonder, then, that the alimony racket has become the great women's industry. A sobbing pretty woman before the court—and what chance has the husband? In many cases, the amount of the alimony is so large in proportion to the man's earnings that it completely nullifies any chance of happiness or of another marriage. And why—one can not help but ask—should a divorced man be denied the right to a normal family life? Is it such a crime to have made a mistake in choosing a wife? If so, is not the woman equally guilty of this crime—and as equally responsible? Is there any real reason why the law should not sometimes favor the man?



Under the present system, the man is often so bound down by alimony that he can not, even if he will, take advantage of new business opportunities or of broadening horizons. He must—and this by the rule of a court dedicated to justice—keep his nose to the grindstone for the rest of his life so that a woman who no longer contributes one iota to his comfort and well-being can lead a soft and unharassed life. If he refuses to pay alimony or falls in arrears in payments, he is clapped into jail. Witness the famous New York Alimony Club with its present membership of thirty-eight conscientious objectors who either cannot pay, or who would rather go to jail than pay unjustifiable alimony.

Prevailing conditions are unbelievably archaic. Let us confine ourselves for a moment to the New York alimony law. New York abolished the writ under which debtors under the common law were formerly arrested and kept indefinitely in jail. Women demanded special privileges, however, and a law was passed punishing failure to pay alimony as a civil contempt. As one man writing on this subject said, this actually means that while no creditor can lock up a man for failure to pay, a wife has that rare and extraordinary privilege. In 1919, the New York legislature passed an amendment to Section 744 of the Judiciary Law, giving the wife the right to make repeated applications to punish her husband for the non-payment of alimony which became due while he was in jail and obviously unable to earn money so that he could pay her.

Professor Newton J. Fiero in his work on Particular Actions and Proceedings states the law this way: "Failure to pay alimony is not excused by poverty." To jail a man for non-payment and hold him liable for accruing alimony when he is in no position to earn money seems incredibly stupid. Certainly it is a vicious circle without benefit to anybody, either to the wife or to the taxpayers who must pay for the upkeep of the idle prisoners while they are in jail. The cost of each alimony prisoner to New York is estimated at $25 a day.

As in the case with many laws, the amended law works well enough in the hands of the fair-minded. Supreme Court Records show, however, that wives can use it as a nasty weapon against defenseless husbands. Take the case reported in the New York Law Journal of August 27th, 1930. The husband had been confined in a New York jail for a year. Shortly before time for his discharge, his wife demanded that he be recommitted for the non-payment of back alimony which had accrued during the time he had been in jail. Refusing the wife's demand, the decision of Supreme Court Justice Irwin Untermeyer was a scathing rebuke:

I am satisfied that the defendant is without means to pay the present sum and it is self-evident that the condition must continue as long as he remains incarcerated. His commitment now would be tantamount to imposing a life sentence on the defendant, for the arrears must necessarily accumulate as long as he remains in jail.

Is it any wonder that it has been suggested that husbands take out alimony insurance? Here, indeed, is a suggestion not to be dismissed too airily. We may yet live to see the time when

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fond in-laws will present to the blushing bride as a wedding present a good, stiff alimony policy, engraved on parchment and decorated with an orange blossom motif. A good hustling insurance salesman might even pick up a good business among the wives, persuade the ladies to pay for the premiums out of their own pin-money—against the day when freedom plus the alimony might be theirs!

One other sordid case, this one with children involved. To quote from the October issue of *Alimony*:

From March 18th, 1929, until September 18th, 1930, just eighteen months to the day, his wife kept him in the New York County Jail for contempt of court for failure to pay alimony. A charitable institution, which had been paying her $35 a week during this year and a half, finally decided to investigate. They discovered that the husband had been a kind, easy-going man, that the principal reason she kept him there was the fact that she received more money from the charitable organization while the husband was in jail, than he could earn when he was at large and working. The charitable organization demanded that she sign a consent to the immediate release of her husband from jail, under threat that if she refused they would discontinue all payments to her. They promised that if she would sign a consent to his release, they would put aside a certain fund for her, out of which she would be paid $12.50 a week until the fund was exhausted. It was only after this promise and this threat that she finally consented to his release from jail. Had the charitable organization not taken this interest in the husband, he would obviously have continued in jail indefinitely, through his inability to earn as much as his wife demanded.

We may all be sisters under the skin, but somehow I can't get all "steamed up" with love for this gentle kind of sister. I confess to a retributive "eye-for-an-eye" feeling for the lady, in spite of the obvious limitations of her background.

There are cases on record in which a woman still continues to collect alimony from her first husband although she has married again. In too many cases the alimony award is made on the wife's sole affidavit. Certainly there is a crying need for the court to have actual, honest facts before it in order to give a just decision. Justice John E. McGeehan, while presiding in a special term of the Bronx Supreme Court, put forth the opinion that an investigating officer could furnish a Justice of the Supreme Court with a more thorough report of the financial and moral status of the parties concerned. Such an investigator could go directly both to the wife and husband; he could also secure facts from relatives, neighbors, and stores. Justice McGeehan said: "I am going to urge the Appellate Division that probation officers be appointed to aid Justices in deciding motions pertaining to matrimonial suits. In the present circumstances we are in no position to make intelligent and absolutely fair decisions."

I mentioned the movement to check unjustifiable alimony. The proposed amendment to the New York alimony law provides that no alimony shall be granted or allowed until a personal investigation of each case has been made by an investigator fully competent to understand and protect the rights of both parties. This proposed amendment, whether it passes or not, at least heralds the day when alimony will be granted on justifiable grounds and not on the wife's lone affidavit. In a recent issue of the publication devoted to the furtherance of such legislation, attention was called to the fact that a few states had already taken steps in this direction. In Ohio three Judges sit on all domestic cases, and Indiana awards no temporary alimony without a preliminary hearing on the husband's income and his ability to pay.

This, it goes without saying, is no diatribe against justifiable alimony. Where there are children, or where the woman is old or physically incapacitated for work, there is no question of the man's obligation. But we might go a step further. Women have fought for and secured equal legal and political rights. In the light of equal rights, why should not the wife—if the circumstances are reversed and the man is unable to work or his wife wants her freedom—pay alimony to the man? What's wrong with the old goose and gander rhyme applied to alimony? Here, inadvertently perhaps, is a weapon in the hands of the non-conformists, a leash to hold in check eager would-be divorcees. What a situation! There is no good but what trails after it its own weakness. Certain pale and worthless husbands would grow paler and more worthless; certain wives would think twice before they cast sheep's eyes at freer pastures.

It has possibilities, you will agree. A few states do grant alimony to the man. The last edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* bravely trots out, for all the world to see, a meager little handful of states wherein alimony or maintenance is by statute allowed in certain cases to the husband, out of the wife's property. Erring wives might make a note of them: Massachusetts, Virginia, Rhode Island and Iowa. In Oregon the man is entitled to one-third of his wife's real estate in addition to maintenance on divorce for her fault.

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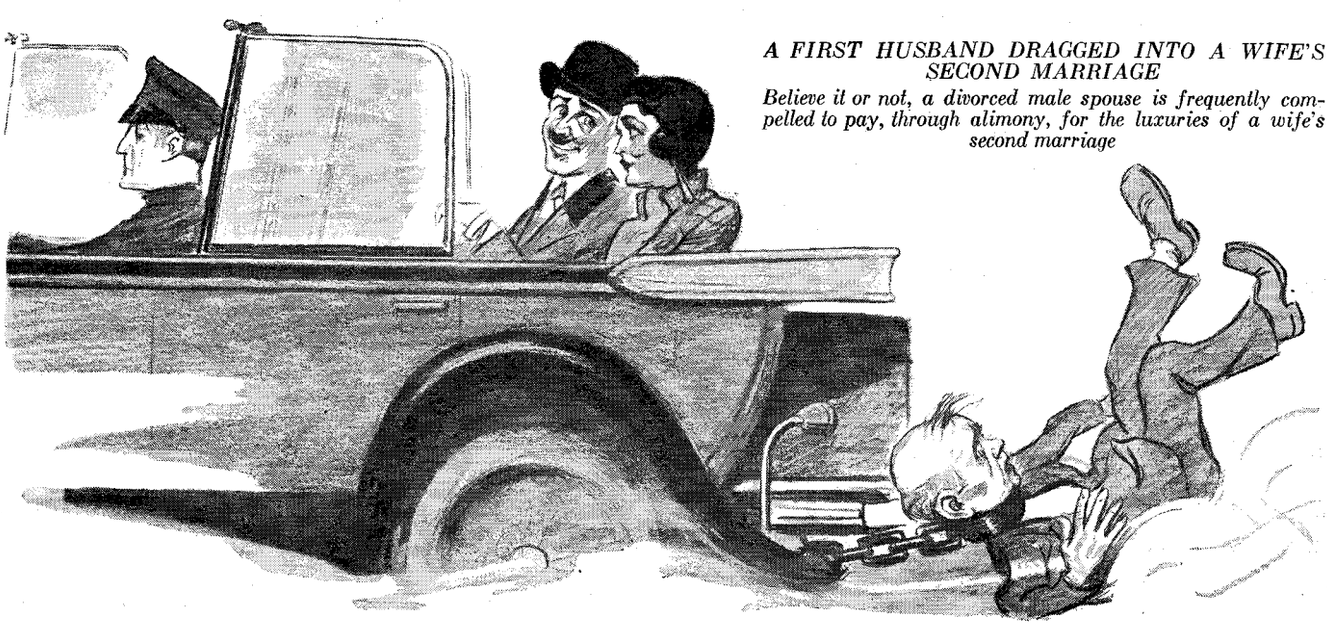

A FIRST HUSBAND DRAGGED INTO A WIFE'S SECOND MARRIAGE

Believe it or not, a divorced male spouse is frequently compelled to pay, through alimony, for the luxuries of a wife's second marriage

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Royal Intrigue in Roumania

Part IV—Why Marie Junketed to America

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

•

The scramble for the control of the Roumanian throne was bitter. As Mr. Bercovici narrated last week, Carol was lured to renunciation of his rights. In this installment he tells of the great strings pulled by Queen Marie to land for herself a place in the proposed regency. Next week he tells of the political maelstrom following the King's death.

•

CAROL was hardly out of the country, and the publicity department had the affair well in hand, trumpeting his scandal all over the world, when Marie, Bratianu and Shtirbey and three other secretaries of state gathered at Sinaia to institute a regency to govern the country if the King died.

King Ferdinand's condition was precarious. The doctors had given up all hope of saving him.

That very same day Bratianu, Shtirbey and Marie had talked to the King about a regency. Ferdinand opposed their plans strenuously. He argued that he did not consider the step of the heir to the throne as definite, and that he still hoped to convince Carol to come back and take his place.

One can easily imagine the turmoil the King's statement aroused in the Marie, Bratianu, Shtirbey trio. After they left the King, they, and the three ministers, decided to name a regency, and even chose the people who were to take part in it—Prince Nicholas, the patriarch of the Greek Orthodox Church, and the president of the Supreme Court. This regency was to act immediately upon the death of Ferdinand, in the name of Prince Michael, Carol's son, who was to be declared officially the heir to the throne.

The following day two letters were read in Parliament. One contained Carol's abdication. The other was from the King, who accepted Carol's resignation from the throne and also added a great deal of his own bitterness about the prince's conduct.

People who had not been in favor of Carol until then, were inclined to side with the prince heir because they did not believe that his father had written that letter. There were people who were convinced that the Bratianu, Marie, Shtirbey trio had composed the letter and that the King had signed it without knowing what it contained. It was beyond belief that a father should find it in his heart to paint his son as black as Ferdinand painted Carol in that short letter.

The power of the Peasant Party dates from that day. The leaders of that party were the only ones who opposed the regency and refused to vote on Prince Carol's renunciation of the throne. They also refused to vote the proclamation of Prince Michael as heir to the throne.

However, the Bratianu plans were ratified by a tremendous majority. Yet Carol could boast that he had a political party on his side.

Whatever the political direction and political aim of the Peasant Party had been before then, it now became the accepted representative of the exiled heir. It became an axiom that the Peasant Party would recall the heir to Bucharest if it ever came into power.

International

Starting the junket

With Carol out of the way and the danger of a new power looming strongly on the political firmament, the Bratianu-Shtirbey clique began to stuff its pockets more hastily than it had done before. They realized that their days were numbered.

To speak of order and government in those days would be idle. The army was disorganized, hungry and naked. The railroads were disorganized and practically at a standstill. Industry and commerce were things of the past. Public instruction, education, was nothing but a fiction. No public servant was paid. It speaks well for the innate decency of the plain people that conditions did not get much worse than they were. The people at the head of the government were setting the worst possible example. Graft, bakshish, became a national institution. No one paid taxes or duties. You came to an agreement with the tax collector and what you gave him was all you owed or ever paid.

Meanwhile, Prince Carol and Magda Lupescu were defying the world. Carol, master of a considerable income on which neither Bratianu nor Shtirbey could lay their hands, paraded his red-headed mistress quite ostentatiously from Venice to Paris and from Paris to Deauville and back again.

Yet, after a time, that sort of life began to pall on Carol. His real feeling toward Magda Lupescu will forever remain a secret to the world. It is possible he did not believe what everybody seemed to know—that Magda had been a set-up, that she was put in his path by his mother and his political enemies to injure him, to make him ridiculous in the eyes of the people. Any other man, having found out how he had been tricked, would have made short shrift of the affair. Carol acted as if he did not know, or as if it did not matter.

And then those "fringe" statesmen began to approach him a little closer and talk to him about his chances of assuming the throne when his father should die. At first Carol would not hear of it. But after a while he began to listen. Emissaries were sent back to Bucharest to establish liaisons with representatives of the army and of the Peasant Party.

Though Professor Jorga was vacillating, and was sometimes a Carolist,

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Keystone

PRINCESS ILEANA

and at other times an anti-Carolist, he was valuable as a point of rally. There were a few other men who had had a hand in shaping Carol's grand return to the throne.

The army was won over rather easily. Carol promised a military dictatorship. Carol would put the army in power. What army in the history of the world had not believed that the power to govern the country should be vested in it?

I was told that Magda Lupescu kept certain people informed of everything that was going on, in and out of her house.

However, other people are convinced that Madame Lupescu had been won over completely by Carol's love for her; that she was devoted to him to the point of self-abnegation, and that she was willing to give Carol up if that would give him a better chance to ascend the throne. Yet Carol never trusted her fully. Madame Lupescu never knew more than Carol wanted her to know.

Meanwhile in Bucharest the physical condition of King Ferdinand was growing worse and worse. He was in the last stages of cancer and he was drinking himself to the grave.

The Bratianus were becoming more hated and feared as their rapacity increased. The peasants were beginning to protest louder and louder and the size of the Peasant Party was assuming dangerous proportions. The army was clearly not on the side of the Bratianus. Queen Marie saw what might happen if the King should die suddenly. If Carol came back on a wave of public enthusiasm her reign and that of Shtirbey and Bratianu would end immediately. If Carol did not return and Bratianu and Shtirbey should feel absolutely secure, Marie knew that at the death of her husband her day of power would also end. The odium of her son's behavior had been made to reflect upon the mother. The counter propaganda had disseminated widely the stories of the Queen's behavior.

Marie attempted to smash her way into the regency that was to begin to function at the death of her husband. She argued that Nicholas was too young for such an office, that he could not very well represent the royal household because of his youth and frivolity.

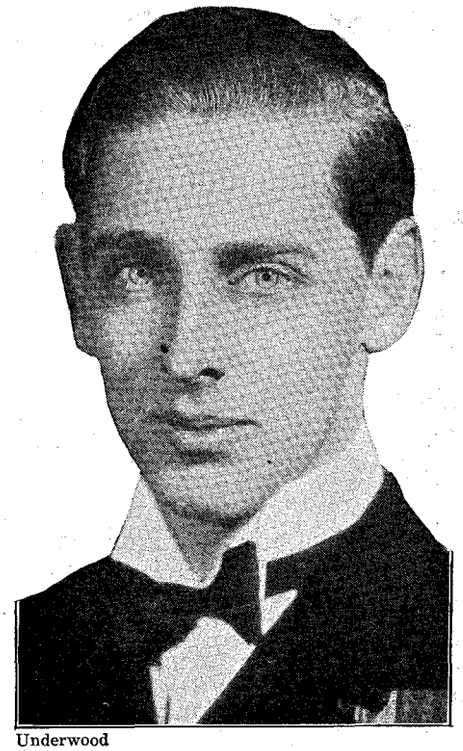
She said that foreign bankers would not lend the country any money as long as she was not in power. Her arguments were laughed off. When she argued a little more forcibly, Bratianu and Shtirbey reminded Her Majesty that her private fortune was in their hands.

And suddenly, as though in a whirlwind, Queen Marie's blurbs began to flutter over the world. Her publicity bureau sent out reams of copy about

Underwood

THE QUEEN
With her Paris bob

the Queen and the King and the prince and the princelings, and dozens of photographs of each of them in all poses. The desks of every newspaper were deluged. Little intimate stories of the Queen and the princes were being secretly divulged to the world, in ten thousand mimeographed copies at a time. How the Queen rises. How she goes to bed. What she wears. What she eats. What she drinks. How she loves her subjects. How they love her. When Roumania entered the war on the side of



Underwood

PRINCE NICHOLAS

the allies newspaper headlines announced to the world that "Queen Marie's armies are ready to win the war." King Ferdinand signed a separate peace with the Germans but it was Queen Marie who made her triumphal entry into her capital.

After the exile of Prince Carol, the clipping bureau of the Queen's publicity office did not have much to show for their labors. The press of the world seemed uninterested in royalty, Roumanian royalty, for a while. Not one item of ten sent out was published. And the photographs, even though in the most interesting poses, destined and calculated to take the American people by storm—the Queen holding up her grandson; the Queen in military uniform, the Queen in nurse's uniform, the Queen being acclaimed by the people, the Queen writing her memoirs—all these interesting photographs were left unused by the unfeeling editors. Something had to be done about it.

Carol's exile, the details of it, and the stories which followed the event, left a bitter taste in the mouths of the American newspaper readers. The Austrian, the German and some of the French papers made acrid comments about what had happened behind the scenes. Then the Queen discovered that though she could buy space and favors in the European press, the American press would not be corrupted. In most of the French and Austrian papers "space" is for sale to whosoever pays. Countries can buy space as cheaply as actors, singers, concertists and corset

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manufacturers. Praise is paid for at so much per line.

Following an exposure of corruption and cruelty in the army, Panait Israti, the celebrated French writer of Roumanian origin, wrote some virulent articles in the radical French press. The "League of the Rights of Man" sent a commission to investigate the iniquities Panait had described. Henri Barbusse and Maitre Torres were of that commission. Instead of putting the facts at the disposal of these men, for them to investigate and report, those in power saw fit to encourage in Bucharest, one hundred feet from the royal palace, loud manifestations against the investigators.

Barbusse, after being beaten, had to be hustled out of the hotel through a back door by his friend Dr. Lupu, the former Secretary of State. Still the League succeeded in obtaining information damaging to the very gentlemen who had wanted to dispose of them and the affair in their own way. The press of the world preferred to carry items on this matter rather than the court news and gossip with which they were being deluged by the publicity bureau of the palace. The people of Roumania began to reproach the Shtirbey-Bratianu-Marie government for having involved them in such a mess. The Queen was in hot water.

The publicity managers, the Queen's staff, and the Queen herself, put their heads together. Something had to be done immediately to regain the sympathy of the world; for Marie had never realized that she had been overdoing her publicity stunt. Because of the unrest in the country, the government would not obtain the loan it had projected in Europe and America.

King Ferdinand was not expected to live more than a few months at most. At his demise, little Michael was to be proclaimed King. The Queen had determined to dominate the regency, to rule, to govern. It was a matter of life and death to her. The Roumanian people owed her that. She had swung them on the side of the Allies. Because of her wisdom the territory had been enlarged fourfold and the population of Roumania had been tripled. Bratianu, Shtirbey and company were betraying her. The Carolist movement was becoming stronger. The Peasant Party was gathering strength.

The sudden drop in the amount of printed matter that appeared about her in the press of the world hurt her vanity deeply, and was disturbing her plans. The dissatisfaction of her own people was troubling her. Jonel Bratianu had changed his tone. When she disagreed with him, he told her bluntly:

"Madame, another word and I shall sweep you and your family out of the country and make an end of the Hohenzollern régime here."

She had made him rich. He had no intention of sharing his power with the Queen—with a woman. He censured the "family" for its amorous scandals.

The Queen knew that Bratianu was no man to play with. He and Shtirbey were all too powerful.

The Queen awoke one morning and announced to her publicity staff that she had had a dream. In that particular dream Marie had seen herself rise over the sea on a wave of people. It meant only one thing. She had to sail to America. Her sudden decision amazed even her most intimate friends, it was so unexpected. She elaborated quickly upon the proposed tour. While in America she would gain the sympathy of the Americans for the Roumanians. She would obtain great loans. Foreign capital would be made to flow into the country for the exploitation of its resources. She would work wonders. She would put Roumania on its feet. The Americans loved her already. She would obtain greater love yet—millions of dollars.

Bratianu and Shtirbey did not want her to go. The doctors, urged by Bratianu, told her that the King was very ill and did not have long to live. That information, instead of deterring her from her purpose, acted as an incentive.

She knew the American people. A sentimental people. Look at their movies. Look at their novels. And they were rich. And generous. They would feel with her in her moment of sorrow. They would be sympathetic to the poor widowed Queen. They would cry with her. She would appear as a saint in their eyes—a saint who put her country above her private sufferings.

Two months—that would be enough!

Was it luck, or was it prearranged? Just then a wealthy man at the other end of the world, in the state of Washington, asked the Queen whether she would be willing to come, at his expense, to inaugurate a library. That library could not exist unless the Queen of Roumania inaugurated it. The affair was clinched there and then. When the news was broadcast that the Roumanian Queen intended to visit America shortly, that she was indeed on her way and would stop only for a short time in Paris to replenish her wardrobe, syndicates sent their representatives to secure contracts for the fruit of the Queen's pen. They wanted world rights for what she would have to say about the United States and its people. Queen Marie was coming to look us over and give us the benefit of her wisdom.

In an article that appeared recently in a woman's magazine, Zoe Beckley, the writer, describes one of her business transactions with Queen Marie. She did not know how to talk to a queen about prices; about such prosaic and unqueenly matters as dollars and cents. Miss Beckley tells how she began to talk haltingly about the Queen's charities, to which the money was supposed to go. But the Queen interrupted her:

"Now let's talk business. I am a professional writer, am I not? What will you pay?"

Miss Beckley rather liked the abrupt manner. It simplified matters. But it did not in the least raise the esteem in which she had held crowned heads until then. One of the heads of a syndicate told me what a hard-headed business woman Marie is. She exacted every farthing from every transaction; yet after he had secured her signature to the contract and had given her a check for the exclusive rights to her articles, he learned that she had signed another contract and received another check from another syndicate for the exclusive rights to her work.

Those who knew the temper of the world just then, Roumanian representatives in different countries, telegraphed and cabled and begged that Marie be compelled either to abandon or to postpone her enterprise. But the Queen had made up her mind. Nothing could stop her from sailing to America. The King was on his deathbed. She had to have a place in the regency.

In due time, Marie and her retinue, accompanied by Princess Ileana, Prince Nicholas, the "Gray Eminence," and

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This Week's Contributors

Ruth Brown Reed is a young advertising woman in New York who frequently contributes to the magazines.

Konrad Bercovici is watching the recent Roumanian political developments with an air of "I told you so." One recent newspaper story was that Mme. Lupescu was back in Bucharest taking a hand in politics. The Roumanian government denied it.

A. Walter Kramer is editor of *Musical America* and an authority on music and musicians.

Charles Morrow Wilson as a young novelist and writer is an expert on the early Americana of his native Arkansas.

W. O. Scroggs is the Outlook's regular writer on finance and economics. He was once a professor and editorial writer on *The World.*

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▶▶ Shall We Cut Wages? ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

WHETHER wage scales can be maintained at the existing level has become one of the most debated questions of the day. There have been numerous reductions, but for the most part these have been local and confined to industries which have been especially hard hit by the business depression. In the major industries wages so far have been well maintained, but for many months there has been a persistent demand from some quarters for a general readjustment corresponding to the decline in the cost of living.

This demand has not been confined to the old-fashioned "hard-boiled" type of employers who lie awake at night devising ways for "putting labor in its place." There are bankers, business men and economists who sincerely believe that a revision of existing wage scales would prove fully as beneficial to employees as a whole as it would to those who pay wages. They insist that a moderate reduction, not exceeding the decline in the prices of consumers' goods and services, would not impair living standards and would bring down production costs so that prices might be reduced still further. More goods would then be sold, and this would mean more production, with less part-time work and unemployment and fuller pay envelopes at the end of the week.

In brief, it is their thesis that the workers will benefit in the long run if wages are better adapted to the realities of the economic situation. Such a view is not peculiar to this country. In Europe much has already been done to put this theory into practice. Italy has gone farthest in adopting such a program. Under the absolutist rule of Mussolini the government last November reduced the salaries of all civil employees by 12 per cent, and ten days later it induced factory workers to accept cuts ranging from 8 to 10 per cent. At almost the same time Germany adopted a similar policy. Last December President von Hindenburg, through the exercise of the extraordinary powers conferred upon him by the constitution, decreed a reduction of 6 per cent in the wages of government employees. Meantime, employees in private industry were brought to accept wage reductions through the government's pledge to use its influence to effect a corresponding reduction in the cost of living. In January the government decreed a 10 per cent cut in the prices of articles sold under price-fixing contracts and thus closed one avenue of escape from its drive for a lower price level.

The reasons for this new economic régime in Germany are not far to seek. If the payment of reparations is to be made out of something besides borrowed money there must be a heavy exportation of German goods, and this means that Germany must be able to sell cheaply in foreign markets. She cannot sell cheaply unless her costs of production are lowered; hence the elaborate program for reducing wages without impairing living standards.

In Australia the Court of Arbitration recently ordered a 10 per cent cut in wages as a means of mitigating the severe economic depression in that country. In England there is also a widespread belief that the costs of production must be brought down in order to rehabilitate the export trade of the United Kingdom and find work for the jobless. In March the British Federation of Employers' Organizations issued a formal demand for wage reductions. This brought a spirited reply from the British Trades Union Congress, but it is significant that this body, while not accepting wage cuts as the way out of the trouble, readily agreed with the employers that a larger volume of exports was essential to the maintenance of the workers' living standards.

The plea for a protective tariff, which has recently grown quite voluble in Great Britain, is reported to appeal to many Britishers mainly because it will effect a readjustment of real wages by indirection. They regard a revision by direct negotiation with the trade unions as well-nigh hopeless, but they see in a protective tariff another way by which real wages may be reduced. They believe

Enright in the N. Y. World-Telegram

How not to increase the production of golden eggs

American Bankers' Journal

ROME C. STEPHENSON

that the higher prices which the manufacturers, under protection, will receive in the home market will tend to offset the handicaps which they now encounter in foreign markets through high costs of production.

These various movements overseas have been duly noted in this country, and they have undoubtedly had their effect on the demand for wage readjustments here. The call for a downward revision of wages has come from very influential sources, but it has met with opposition from sources equally important. Last January two of the country's leading financiers, Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase National Bank of New York and Melvin H. Traylor of the First National Bank of Chicago, urged the adjustment of real wages to prices as an aid to the return of prosperity. These views were immediately assailed by President Green of the American Federation of Labor and John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, who stressed the fact that this demand for lower wages came from bankers rather than from industrial employers.

Not long after this President Hoover and other high officials in Washington took up the cudgels for wage maintenance, and the tenor of their remarks was also to the effect that those who were urging wage cuts had little direct contact with the workers. On April 14, Rome C. Stephenson, president of the American Bankers' Association, offered a defence of the financiers' view. He pointed out that the wages of hired money—that is, interest and dividends—have been drastically reduced. In the month of March there were 115 reductions of corporation dividends, and 114 dividends were passed, making a total of 229 reductions in that brief period in the wages of capital. Yet nobody had

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been accused of plotting to reduce wages of that sort; the reductions were accepted as the natural result of changing business conditions, and there were equally good reasons, he believed, why a similar view should be taken with regard to the pay of labor.

So much for the attitude of the banking fraternity. The answer which the opponents of wage cutting make to their arguments is that if the wages of capital have been cut by the passing and reduction of dividends, the wages of labor have likewise been cut by part-time work and unemployment. Data published by the United States Department of Labor show that only 7 per cent of the 13,000 reporting manufacturers made any reductions in wages during the first quarter of 1931.

These figures, however, convey no idea of the real loss due to the six million workers unemployed and the huge but unknown number working at less than full time. The National Industrial Conference Board estimates that since the stock market crash in October, 1929, living costs have declined approximately 13 per cent, while the income of labor has been reduced about 20 per cent. There is food for thought in this for those who talk about bringing the wage level down to correspond with the reduction in living costs.

But a decline in total wage payments, say the advocates of wage cuts, does not indicate any decline in general production costs. To produce more cheaply calls for a reduction in wage scales rather than in total wages. The opponents of wage cutting retort that this argument is based on a view of labor which is now generally discredited. The workers' pay is no longer regarded primarily as an expense but rather as a means of effecting the consumption of goods, and to curtail this pay in order to stimulate production will curtail consumption at the very time that more consumers are needed for the enlarged output.

There is no need of elaborating these arguments further. The matter of immediate interest is whether the wage cutting which now hangs like a cloud along the horizon is going to spread until it darkens the whole heavens. The answer to that depends on how near we are to the end of the depression. If we have already turned the corner, as some of the business forecasters aver, there would seem to be little reason to expect any great gain in wage decreases. If, however, we are to have from two to five years more of slackened activity, as some pessimists predict, the effect of the existing level of wages might be serious.

There is reason to believe that, in lieu of any general movement for reductions, wage policies in this country will continue as in the recent past to vary with the fortunes of individual businesses. There are still many strong concerns with ample reserves, and these may be counted upon to maintain wages if the present recession acts like those of past years. There are also concerns in less comfortable condition which have reached the point where they must either reduce wages or shut down. The executives of the more fortunate group can continue to live up to the theory of high wages and sustained purchasing power as the way out of trouble; those of the other group cannot.

A Requiem to Hitching Posts

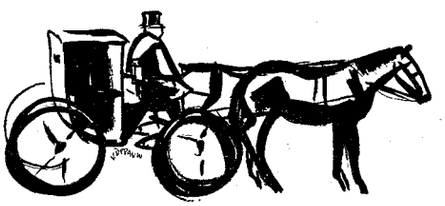
By CHARLES MORROW WILSON

THE fact stands that the hitching post is waning, both as an institution for tethering and as a common stabilizer.

Buggies and light rigs continue on their certain course to oblivion. Even in the farthest portions of backbrush America, automobiles have come by the puttering and mud-splashing millions. Honest Dobbin is being crowded even from the remotest byroads. The jingle of bits and harness metal, the flurry and cracking of driving whips, and the rhythmic clattering of iron-shod hoofs constituted a gallant measure of the Great American Symphony which now sinks into an eternal silence.

Roadside hitching posts must be uprooted for the building of ever-lengthening and broadening highways, or razed to clear parking space for congestive hosts of trucks and autos. The scant survival of the epic utility must be relegated to frousled wagon yards or nondescript back lots, begrudgingly appropriated by town councils for the harboring of their far-back wagon trade. But even this survival is puny and unconvincing. Gone are the days when the standing of a country town can be aptly estimated by the number, design and steadfastness of its hitching posts.

All of which is unfortunate, for the hitching post offered an artistic as well as a practical conception of the workaday American life. A quarter of a century ago, you could go a long ways towards judging a man by the hitching post at his gateway. For the range of hitching posts was as varied as the ways and aspirations of mankind. The name "hitching posts" was of course a blanketing term. It meant virtually any inanimate object, from an infirm fence post or a slouchily driven stob to the most elaborate offering of figured bronze. There were low-caste hitching posts with no very practical value save for their suggestive force in equine psychology. There were the middle-class posts surmounted with iron rings, the logical outcome of the decision on the part of good citizens to set up a firm and substantial tethering for good sound horses.



There were ornamental hitching posts, varied as the servings of fate—emaciated Uncle Sam holding forth staying hands, small colored boys, immune to the wearing of years and weather, with arms raised suppliantly to accommodate unattached bridle reins. There were brazen torches and totem-poles; there were iron olive branches, clusters of copper fruit, straying Mercuries, frolicking Muses and bashful Venuses, and scores of other creations, many of them epically artistic, epic because they represented endless burrowing into the realm of everyday fancy and conceit, artistic because they possessed the great qualities of being useful, specific, and generally sincere.

With all its uproarious magnificence, the automobile industry has thus far failed to produce an utility so connotative. For the great majority of automotive ornaments and accessories result according to the mandates of mass production and prescribed buying levels. They demonstrate the varying ingenuity and dunderheadedness of a few specialists superimposed upon vast numbers of more or less willing consumers. The relatively humble institution of hitching posts was vastly more individual in artistry and in display of personal resourcefulness.

The minor odyssey of hitching posts involved an even more intimate element of human relations. In the front premises of county court houses, or country churches, or village market squares, where the posts were traditionally set in abundant clusters, there villagers and country people could propitiously tarry for talk, and no small part of the na-

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tions conversational romance has come into being when the spinal columns of the participants were bolstered with the supporting contours of hitching posts.

Philosophies have been expounded, daydreams divulged, and comedy and tragedy built together while men lounged against hitching posts, which constituted a handy polaris for enjoying the cleaning warmth of winter sunlight and the cooling peace of summertime shade. Hitching posts have indeed supported a handsome share of the parlance, confidence and hopes of a great people.

▸▸ The Discovery of Lily Pons ◂◂

By A. WALTER KRAMER

THE unexpected has happened again, as it always does. The outstanding success of the last Metropolitan Opera Company season was not one of Mr. Gatti-Casazza's novelties or revivals (not even Deems Taylor's well-received opera, *Peter Ibbetson*), but a new singer who captured the highly critical New York public in the title rôle of Donizetti's old opera, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Viewed in retrospect, it was one of those rare occasions when a new singer appeared and by the end of the performance had established herself in the unanimous favor of the audience. It was all the more notable in that it was not preceded by the usual ballyhoo.

The lady's name, unfamiliar up to that time to American musical audiences and none too familiar in Europe, is Lily Pons. She had sung in what the French call the Variétés and had given that up to devote herself to the kind of opera which some people insist on calling "grand." She attracted the attention last year of a famous operatic couple, Maria Gay and Giovanni Zenatello. These internationally known singers of an earlier day were touring through the south of France and, chancing to stop at a provincial town for the night, attended the opera. They were so charmed by Mlle. Pons's singing that they suggested her visit to America to sing for Mr. Gatti-Casazza.

The rest of the story is brief: she sang for Mr. Gatti, she conquered Mr. Gatti and his musical advisers, she was engaged to sing at the Metropolitan.

Sharp criticism, some of it quite justified, has been levelled at New York's famed operatic theatre for introducing so few important singers in recent years. Mr. Gatti had replied that there were no new singers of conspicuous worth. Had he not said, in fact, that new singers and new operas did not exist and that the absence of both was responsible for the strange situation in which opera found itself? His engagement of Lily Pons was to confound his statement before twelve months had passed. I doubt if he is displeased with the results.

Mr. Gatti's notable new singer belongs to that category in which he tried to present an immature, young American soprano, whose gifts proved to be hardly commensurate with the overdone publicity and equally overdone outpourings of enthusiasm created for her by the presence at her premiere of a home-town delegation. That lady has turned to farming on her native heath. But Mlle. Pons will not turn to farming. She has revealed herself as a first-class coloratura soprano of the type which every important opera house must possess for such rôles as Lucia, Gilda, Dinorah, Lakmé, the Queen of the Night, Ophelia—and Violetta in the U. S. A. New York's operatic public has memories of the greatest singers of another day, as well as ours, in these rôles. There are many who remember vividly Adelina Patti, the late Nellie Melba, Marcella Sembrich, Frieda Hempel and Amelita Galli-Curci, all of them particularly bright stars in the Metropolitan's firmament.

In Mlle. Pons's favor on the afternoon of her début as Lucia was the attitude of her audience, which had not been led to believe fatuous statements about her ability. Mlle. Pons appeared, sang her music like an artist, and when she had finished the "Mad Scene," the house rang with applause such as it had not heard in a long time. Vocally and musically, here was a fresh, unspoiled artist, who had something to offer which was needed. Mr. Gatti's judgment in engaging her was corroborated, both by her gifts and by the approval of the public. Mlle. Pons's appearances as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, as Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, as Olympia in *The Tales of Hoffmann* have subsequently confirmed the reports of her début, and in the weeks which have intervened she has duplicated her successes and added to her reputation.

What has happened in the case of Lily Pons can always happen. There is always room at the top. Young singers pursuing the thorny path of operatic stardom have failed because they have undertaken to fill shoes for which they were artistically too small. But whenever a singer comes forward thoroughly prepared for her work, endowed by nature and training, it is quickly demonstrated that when the king is dead a new king (in this case, a new queen) can and shall succeed. Nor is there rule or precept by which any one nationality monopolizes the coveted posts in opera. In this case, that of the prima donna coloratura, one thinks most readily of singers of Italian birth and training, yet Mlle. Pons hails from France. Her mother was an Italian, but she is French, trained in France, and her operatic experience gained there. There has never been, to my knowledge, a leading French coloratura soprano at the Metropolitan Opera House, though sopranos of that nation have excelled in other departments of operatic activity, namely, the lyric and dramatic.

LILY PONS

Most interesting in the case of Lily Pons is the fact that those who have admired her this year agree as to her great potentialities. Her youth, her unquestioned seriousness of purpose, her naturalness and freedom from affectation in the delineation of her rôles, all combine to suggest that her artistic growth has by no means reached its highest point. During the next five years she will add to her development and be a finer artist than she is today.

When Mme. Gay advised Lily Pons to make the trip to America to sing for Mr. Gatti, there were doubtless those among her colleagues who thought she was venturesome and that, in leaving the provincial theatre where she was singing when she was discovered, she was taking a chance. Mme. Gay was confident, and rightly so; for she knew that there is always room at the top.

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The New Books

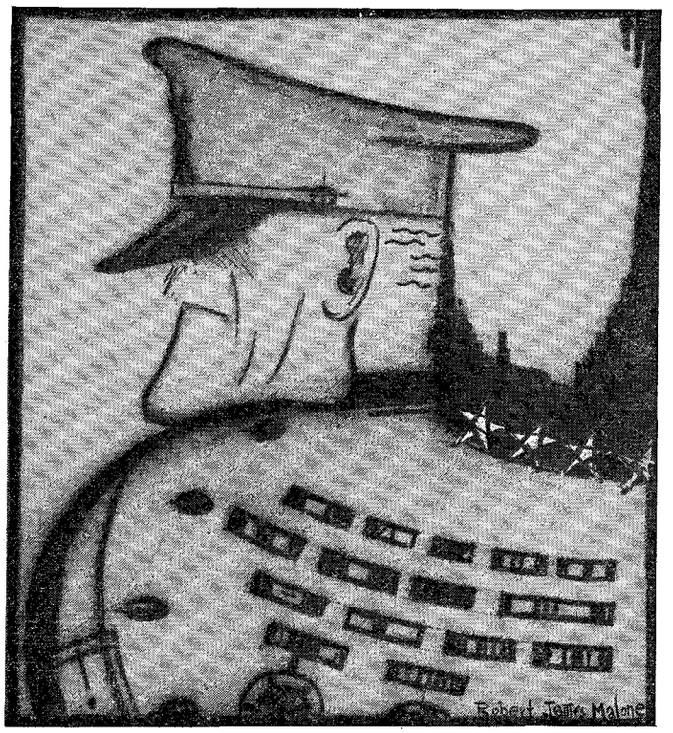
Memoirs of the War

"MY EXPERIENCES in the World War," by John J. Pershing (New York: Stokes, 2 vols., $10). General Pershing's account of the American Army in the World War is a surprisingly good, and very important, book. A long-suffering public has learned what to expect when generals go literary — prolixity, tecnicality, dullness, and military manhandling of the English language. Happily, the two volumes of *My Experiences in the World War* avoid most of these faults and are in many respects models of their kind. They say what they have to say clearly and briefly, omitting the earlier and less interesting years of the author's life and wisely concentrating on the two brief years when he was a world figure.

The most important part of the book is its blunt and unvarnished account of the jangling among the Allies, who, says Pershing, "were quick to criticize each other and allege inefficiency in reverses." The worst difficulty with which Pershing had to contend was the eagerness of French, British and Italians to grab for their own armies as many American troops as possible. So marked was this as to rouse "suspicion that an American army as such was not wanted."

The rift in the lute of Allied accord, which widened at the Peace Conference, was thus apparent from the start. A highly placed Englishman, whom Pershing quotes but does not name, observed that "the European Allies and America are not fighting for the same thing." Wilson wanted "a friendly working arrangement among all the great powers after the War." The Allies were concerned with territorial claims and national ambitions, some of them quite just, but nevertheless sufficient to ensure that there should be "no clear unity among the Allies in Europe and America."

In the midst of the difficulties thus engendered, the Pershing memoirs show a clear-headed and determined commander, with a definite idea to which he stuck. There was going to be an American Army, and he was not long in deciding where it was going to fight. Acting with Pétain, the French commander-in-chief, he picked the St. Mihiel sector as early as June, 1917. Fifteen months later, he won his first great victory on that very spot. Choice of an American battle area was dictated by the fact that "the British were committed to operations covering the channel ports, and the French had to consider the safety of Paris." The logical place for the Americans was therefore from the Argonne forest eastward, where they would not trouble the Allies and could trouble the Germans.



General Pershing writes his memoirs of the World War

The actual conduct of the operations is the chief theme of Pershing's book. A secondary theme is only too familiar—the wretched unpreparedness of America in 1917, with no useful airplanes, no flying officers, no rifles, no staff plans, no tanks, little artillery, and enough heavy artillery ammunition for a few hours' firing only. The disgraceful facts are only too well known. Pershing adds a few horrifying details based on official information, and endeavors to point a moral for the future.

While the thousand pages or thereabouts of *My Experiences in the World War* can hardly be recommended as light reading for mental invalids, it is nevertheless a clear and vigorous narrative certain to appeal to any one intelligent enough to be interested in the central events of our country. It tells more than has ever been known about the fight behind the front with our own Allies. If it frequently dwells on technical details of battle and administration, it does so only because those details are vitally important, and the language itself is never technical. There are some excellent maps, which really illustrate the text, though unfortunately many topographical references in the book are left obscure for lack of still more maps.

JOHN BAKELESS.

Most Discussed Books

Fiction

The Good Earth, by Pearl S. Buck: John Day. A simple and dignified story of a Chinese family and their devotion to the land. Reviewed March 18.

Flamenco, by Lady Eleanor Smith: Doubleday, Doran. A stormy and blood-curdling tale of a gipsy child brought up in an English household. Reviewed April 8.

Above the Dark Tumult, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. An intended analogy to Don Quixote which is dull and hard to follow. Reviewed April 8.

Ambrose Holt and Family, by Susan Glaspell: Stokes. A tragi-comedy of the conflict between a husband and wife by the author of **Brook Evans.** Reviewed April 22.

The White Fawn, by Olive Higgins Prouty: Houghton, Mifflin. Youth in revolt against the conventions of the older generation in a new novel by the author of **Stella Dallas.** Reviewed April 29.

Non-Fiction

Men of Art, by Thomas Craven: Simon & Schuster. The author's aim is to help the ordinary picture-lover. Reviewed April 15.

Boners, by Dr. Seuss and A. Abingdon: Viking. A sparkling little book of amusing mistakes. Reviewed March 11.

Fatal Interview, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper. This exquisite sonnet sequence is the best of all Miss Millay's distinguished work. Reviewed April 29.

Jungle Ways, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt Brace. A highly entertaining and vivid account of native life on Africa's Ivory Coast. Reviewed April 8.

Education of a Princess, by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking Press. The autobiography of the first cousin to Russia's last Czar. Reviewed January 7.

The Week's Reading

"SON OF WOMAN: The Story of D. H. Lawrence," by John Middleton Murry (Cape & Smith, $3). The appositeness of the title is all too clear as this brilliant book moves from the beginning of Lawrence's story to its tragic end. "By this time," writes John Middleton Murry, in his last chapter, "we know more about Lawrence than Lawrence knew." But Lawrence had once

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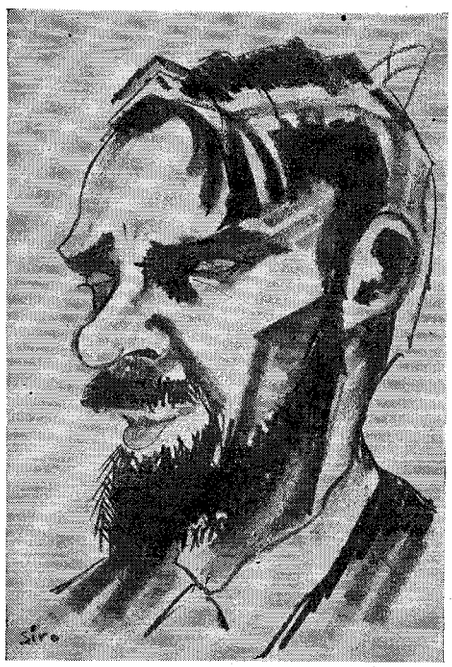
said to Murry, "Do not betray me." And in an apostrophe to Lawrence, Murry writes: "This 'betrayal' was the one thing you lacked . . . . that you might shine forth among men as the thing of wonder that you were . . . . No man in these later days has given to men so marvelous or so terrible a picture of Man as you have given. Two eternal things you denied . . . . Love and the Spirit . . . . yet to those two things your appeal will be enduring. That which you sought to strangle you are doomed to bring to birth, in men." Murry, who knew Lawrence well, believes passionately in the messianic quality of his genius. His book is not biography, but soul-portraiture. Lawrence, through his novels and poems, was his own biographer; repeatedly he told his own story, preached his own doctrine, announced his own theme. Murry is not interested in Lawrence as the pure artist, but those who are will find his explanation of Lawrence's attitude toward art illuminating and illustrative of the profundity of Lawrence's wisdom. Although that paragraph is of great interest to those who, like this reviewer, find that Lawrence the artist towers above Lawrence the messiah, it is only incidental to Murry's subject and cannot be quoted. Quotations, however, will show better than a review how Murry sets about his work. Murry describes Lawrence's message thus: "The relation of marriage between a man and woman," he says in *Fantasia [of the Unconscious]*, "is the necessary basis for the new order of society which he desires. In order that this relation should be creative and not destructive, it is necessary that the man should, at the age of maturity, assume sacred responsibility for the next purposive step into the future. If this creative responsibility is not undertaken by the man, then the love-craving of the woman will become frenzied and lay waste the family." We have only to turn back to *Sons and Lovers* to read Lawrence's history. You remember the scene at Paul's sick-bed. It held the seed of all Lawrence's woe. Of it, Murry writes: "He is called upon to feel in full consciousness for his mother all that a full-grown man might feel for the wife of his bosom." Lawrence's mother demanded and he gave all the passion of love that was in him. It meant that he could never love another woman. "Surely he could have broken the fearful bond . . . . ," but "he could never make the choice on which his own integrity depended . . . . he resented his virtues, yet . . . . obeyed them, and . . . . blasphemed them." Hate became inextricably mixed up with love. "Lawrence's doctrine is a doctrine of complete disruption and denial of the unity of man. Lawrence's two Infinites are the ecstatic satisfactions of the 'higher' and 'lower' desires of man. And these desires are forever in conflict." Lawrence's own life was the scene of the conflict. "Two things existed together . . . . an extraordinary spiritual sensitiveness . . . . a less than normal sexual vitality." Every novel, every work of analysis, every poem presented some phase of the conflict, expressed some part of the doctrine. Struggling with all the power of his really profound emotional nature to *find* his life, Lawrence *lost* it. Toward the end, the simple and impossible desire for "love, tenderness and a child" assumed every distorted form. "We must disintegrate while we live," was his tormented cry. His last work, *The Escaped Cock*, so far unpublished, is, as described by Murry, one of the most heartbreaking of tragic cries. It is a story of the risen Jesus. "Jesus must renounce his mission in order that Lawrence may not be lonely at the last. Jesus must admit that his life was mistaken in order that Lawrence may believe that his own was not mistaken." Such a tragedy of the impulse to redeem, the inability to redeem, and the final denial of the impulse with words which are spoken by the tongue but not felt by the heart is moving to read. And no reader of it will be able to feel that Murry has betrayed his friend.

F. L. R.

"LIFE Among the Lowbrows" by Eleanor Rowland Wembridge (Houghton, Mifflin Company, $2.50). They pass in a pitiable procession. Chuck and Flora, married morons with a flair for tabloid emotions and luxuries



D. H. LAWRENCE

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on the installment plan; nervous Helva, supporting a temperamental husband with an imaginary voice; Pauline, the forger; Mrs. Gluken, the scene-maker, with wayward Maisie and three other daughters who barely evaded the effects of too-much mother; Pearie Blah who tried every escape from marriage to suicide and lost every time; Dude the Sheik, with Daisy, keen on his trail, and a long line of others, unmoral, immoral, credulous and stupid.

We, from the speaker's stand, watch these slow-witted citizens file by while Eleanor Rowland Wembridge reviews the parade for us. She tells us what such people talk about, how they act, what their alleged thought processes are like. Even more, she describes what kind of personal difficulties the marchers get into. For those we see are in some kind of trouble, of course. Otherwise they would be lost in the crowds on the sidelines. When the lowbrows, who range from the slightly silly, dull or feeble-minded to those on the threshold of insanity, find life easy and smooth, they move along inconspicuously. But the common lot does not provide exemption from emergencies. So our Floras, Paulines and Pearies inevitably fall by the way. Sometimes they need only friendly visitors; again, it's the reformatory; often, prison. For this is the point of the parade. From this army most of the doers of violence in the next ten or twenty years will emerge. These, says Dr. Wembridge, are the girls and their boy friends who are to shoot their husbands, stab their wives and desert their children. If checks are to be forged, automobiles stolen and trains derailed here are the hands that will do it.

Dr. Wembridge knows her lowbrows. As psychologist at the Bedford Reformatory for Women and Referee of the Juvenile Court of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, she has had long and intimate contact with them. She has a keen knowledge of human nature and a lively pen. In despair, sometimes, she laughs at the irony of situations which must be met. Let no one be misled, however. For although it is sugar-coated with humor and glazed with compassion she is offering a bitter pill. Most of us think and talk of democracy in terms of a mythical average mentality. We picture sweetly planted suburbs and comfortable homes where normal, law-abiding people live and bring up their children. We forget that we must reckon with this vast army of those who have neither ability nor stability, these lowbrows who marry and breed their kind. Nobody knows what to do for them, or with them. We have no place or plan for them in our scheme of things. So, they march on, from delinquency to felony, with tragedy as their marshal. F. G. S.

"THE SHINY NIGHT," by Beatrice Tunstall (Doubleday, Doran & Co., $2.50). Vengeance, as a motivating force, has long been a favorite pivot on which to round out dramas. When it reaches certain proportions, it acquires a frightening grandeur, difficult to ignore. So, in this first novel of Miss Tunstall's wherein an English peasant was caught poaching, killed a keeper, vowed destruction upon the outraged squire and the man who had trapped him, and thereafter awaited his revenge through sixty years of unrelenting struggle, you are moved to a faintly biblical awe. It is not the actualities, seasonal events, plagues, courtings, births and deaths which take a grip upon your senses, for these remain remotely picturesque. It is Seth Shone's quality of spirit, his slow immutability transcending the actual, which holds you. Like some ancient saga, his life, half-monstrous and half-heroic, overshadows your familiar world and seems to mock its compromises. The appendages of the tale, the loves and doubts and heedless adventures which surround Seth's monumental figure and serve to modify it, have a too conscious quaintness. Language, dress and customs play too fulsome a part; maidens, buxom and coy, love too sweetly; illiteracy and acid prejudice are curiously ennobled. What lingers, at the end of this panegyric of a land-locked life is the dead hero, rock-hewn and changeless, like a piece of Stonehenge itself. V. P. R.

Behind the Blurbs

MAY brings two books to the Book-of-the-Month Club: Denis Mackail's *The Square Circle* and M. Ilin's *The Story of the Five Year Plan*. The Freethought Book Club offers Robert Briffault's *Sin and Sex;* Business Book League, Goode and Rheinstrom's *More Profit in Advertising;* the Book League, Franz Werfel's *The Pure in Heart;* The Catholic Book Club, Fulton J. Sheen's *Old Errors and New Labels;* and the Literary Guild, Ferdynand Goetel's *From Day to Day.* ☙ ☙ ☙ Eden Phillpotts' mystery story, *Found Drowned*[1] tells how the corpse of a musician was found at a seaside resort, and how Dr. Meredith, given a free hand by his friend, the police inspector, proves, first, that the man was murdered, and, second, that he is not the musician. The doctor's clever detective work finally discovers the whole story. Without any special thrills, this well-written story manages to be absorbingly interesting. ☙ ☙ ☙ Not so *The Evil Chateau*[2], which, with thrills abundant, including a lovely girl about to be flayed by a sadistic old blind countess, didn't lift a single hair on our head. Well, for one thing, the villain was a man *whom* was capable of any crime. Still, that wouldn't have bothered us so much, and neither would the silencer on the revolver, if the head of the British Secret Service hadn't included the following sentence in a code letter of instructions to the heroine: "I would give my left hand to know what devilry they are plotting." After working *that* out of the cipher, we wonder that she didn't just throw up her job. ☙ ☙ ☙ The most interesting thing to us in *The Life and Times of Lydia E. Pinkham*[3] was the fact that in spite of more stringent laws and of enlightened opposition, the famous Compound is today selling better than ever. This should put a somewhat hollow note in the current laughter at the quaint fancies of the '80's. Very naïve, our grandmothers were. They fell for all of Lydia's testimonial advertising. ☙ ☙ ☙ An indifferent story, in which a staged murder becomes real, is *An End to Mirth*[4], in which Ned Brace, a mad wag of a movie producer, gets a few bright friends to turn out the lights and do a little shooting at a dinner party, after which he is to be found supposedly slain. Of course he is really slain, and since most everybody at the party had it in for him, it takes some time to find the killer. Not so good, this one.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

1. Macmillan, $2.00.
2. By Sydney Hoeler: Knopf, $2.00.
3. By Robert C. Washburn: Putnam, $3.50.
4. By Ben Ames Williams: Dutton, $2.00.

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▸▸ Religion's Voice ◂◂

As Heard in Recent Books

MATERIALISM and Determinism have fallen on evil days. No longer are they the marks of intellectual respectability which they were twenty or even ten years ago. We are rapidly recovering from what Arnold Lunn in *The Flight From Reason* (Dial Press) cleverly terms "The Victorian Heresy." The leaders of science have given up the notion that quality can be expressed in terms of quantity; but the rank and file of folks don't know it yet. The book just mentioned will help to publish the news. The author critically examines the bias of the Victorian scientist which made him proceed "on the unwarrantable assumption that he was entitled to disregard the arguments of any scientist who could be proved to have a bias in favor of theism." He shows the inadequacy of many of the arguments and much of the evidence adduced for Darwinism, and he discloses the bankruptcy of naturalism, which is simply atheism in evening dress. Lunn is no mediaeval theologian and, as he points out, he has no serious quarrel with the genuine agnostic, but he pours scorn and ridicule upon the "Victorian scientists" who believe that they know and that it is "their duty to deprive their fellowmen of the consolations of religion." Here is a book which punctures the bombastic dogmatism of which scientists have often been guilty. It asserts the worth and the validity of the religious consciousness, and it does it with a brilliance and a dash that will make you think and enjoy the process. There are several other new books which show up the inadequacy of those systems of thought which bow God out of the universe. One at least must be mentioned. The author is John O'Hara Cosgrave, former Sunday editor of the New York *World*. In *The Academy for Souls* (Farrar and Rinehart) Mr. Cosgrave records an imaginary conversation between himself and an invisible visitor from Mars in which the latter ridicules the current behaviorism which dominates so much of modern thought. This he shows is not sufficient to account for the world about us whether we think of trees, insects or men. In and through all things there is purpose at work. We are set here not for ourselves but to serve some end of the power which has placed us here. "Belief in a God is not a matter of faith but of intelligence." This is a novel way to theism, but guided by the man from Mars we at last reach that goal and are shown much impressive scenery along the route we take.

In *Last and First Men* (Cape and Smith), by W. Olaf Stapledon, we also hear of men from Mars, but they are only incidental to the long story which the author has to tell. This is a breath-taking attempt to look forward to see what the future has in store for mankind. He tells us of the wars ahead and the development in store for the next few thousand years, and then on and on for still vaster ages. He tells us how men go through eighteen types of which we are but the first, how they finally have to go to live on Venus and then on Neptune, and at last untold millions of years from now the curtain rings down. The cosmos has worked its will, but what that will was man could never know. This is one of the greatest pieces of imaginative statement we have ever read. It is not told with great artistry, but the sheer effect of the material is tremendous. He exceeds Wells in the power of his imagination, and like him he finds no Christian God at the end of his searchings. After such a fascinating but withal terrible journey into the vastness of time and space, it is a relief to read about America and the religious life that is in her. In *American Religion As I See It Lived* (Bobbs, Merrill), Burris Jenkins, pastor of the Community Church of Kansas City, tells us just what this title implies. Dr. Jenkins believes that here in America we are unconsciously making a synthesis of the beauty that was in Greece and the idealism that was in Judea. We are combining the "ancient Greek love and worship of beauty and well-being with the application of the ethics of Jesus." Out of his long and wide experience he helps us to see what things really count and how we may make them ours. This book is a homily, but it is not a tiresome one; in fact, it sparkles with wit and it glows with a ripe wisdom. This is one of the few books of which one may truthfully say that he is better for reading it.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

The list of ten best-selling books printed on Page 22 is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

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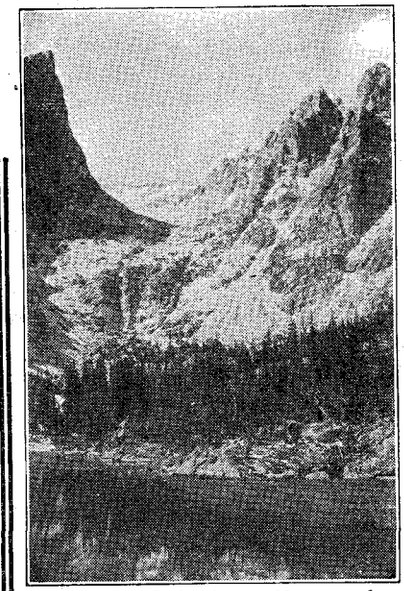

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▶▶ The Latest Plays ◀◀

By O. D. C.

IN DU BOSE HEYWARD'S *Brass Ankle,* Alice Brady has added another to the long list of harassed heroines who have comprised her repertory, for as Ruth Leamer she is called upon to play the part of a member of a group of southern Negroes who contain an Indian blood strain and are almost white. These are the "Brass Ankles." Although neither she nor her husband realize it and although she is passing as white and is the mother of an apparently white daughter, Ruth Leamer is one of them.

The action takes place in a small southern village where the traditional southern code is all-powerful. The opening scene depicts the husband, Larry Leamer, as a self-elected defender of the white man's supremacy and a member of the school board, insisting upon the expulsion from the school of the children of a family, which, while long suspected of having a Negro strain, had previously passed for white. Never shall his daughter, June, be contaminated by co-education with those suspected of having Negro blood. When Ruth shortly afterwards gives birth to a child showing unmistakable Negro characteristics, his feelings, as well as the opinion of the community, are outraged. The neighbors, with whom Ruth has previously been intimate, turn from her. Larry goes almost crazy. Worst of all, as the result of the strictness of the southern code in a provincial village, their daughter June is faced with a lifetime of ostracism as a Negro. To clear her daughter's name, Ruth hysterically proclaims to the natives that she has had a Negro lover and that the baby is his child. Whereupon Larry shoots her and the baby, and her daughter's name is cleared.

A tragic theme, but only in the scene at the end of the first act, in which Larry Leamer's love for his wife and daughter struggles with his horror at their taint, does it attain the semblance of reality. Thereafter, Mr. Heyward's writing is uneven and depends too much on stage trickery, noticeably in the matter of the loaded shotgun which Ruth conveniently leaves in her husband's way and which is the instrument of her death.

Even Miss Brady as the discovered mulatto failed to convince the audience of the desperation of her position. As a result it is difficult to appreciate the full horror of the tragedy. In spite of the fine performances of Ben Smith as Larry and Lester Lonergan as a friendly doctor, *Brass Ankle* is encumbered by too much stagecraft.

Why at this date Broadway should be interested in who killed Madeline Bellamy in the gardener's cottage on the Ives estate at Rosemont, New York, is hard to understand considering that Frances Noyes Hart's novel, *The Bellamy Trial,* was published more than three years ago; her play by the same name, written in collaboration with Frank E. Carstarphen, appeared in Boston three years ago, and a silent film version of the story was shown in 1929. Nevertheless, in case you don't know who stabbed Madeline Bellamy, or what she was up to in the gardener's cottage on the night of June 19, or why her friends had such trouble establishing alibis, you can find out at the 48th Street Theatre, where the entire evening is devoted to the trial of Susan Ives and Stephen Bellamy, Madeline's husband, for first degree murder. As the trial proceeds (the entire play takes place in the courtroom) it soon becomes obvious that the case against the two defendants is weak. Finally, after the finger of suspicion has pointed to every one, the truth comes out. And not through any process of deduction either. No Sherlock Holmes or Philo Vance does his stuff. The mystery is solved by the simple process of making the murderer confess. Far be it from me to divulge his name. But if you follow the old rule and bet on the least suspected character, you'll make money.

Recommended Current Shows

As Husbands Go: Pleasant little comedy of life in Paris and Dubuque.
Civic Repertory: Last week of this admirable company before a year's rest.
Five Star Final: The season's most intense and exciting American play.
Girl Crazy: Gershwin score with Willie Howard and Ethel Merman.
Grand Hotel: Effective continental melodrama on a revolving stage.
Melo: American production of Henry Bernstein's problem play with Edna Best, Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore as three sides of the eternal triangle.
Mrs. Moonlight: Sentimental English comedy well acted.
Once in a Lifetime: Practically everything that should be said at the expense of Hollywood.
Peter Ibbetson: Dennis King in a good revival of the famous dream play.
Precedent: Dramatic presentation of the record of the Mooney-Billings case.
Private Lives: This most amusing comedy positively closes May 9, worse luck!
The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Absorbing, if unpleasant, play with Katharine Cornell brilliant.
The Green Pastures: Now well into its second year and deservedly so.
The Silent Witness: A well-acted crime play that does not insult the intelligence.
The Wiser They Are: Spotty production of a witty comedy.
The Wonder Bar: Al Jolson practically the whole of a novel piece.
Tomorrow and Tomorrow: Philip Barry's best serious work.
Vinegar Tree: Gay farce about Long Island. Worth seeing.

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The New Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"*Quick Millions*"

STILL another tribe of gangs come up for consideration in this film—milk, building, trucking, and tailoring racketeers. In spite of an occasional confusion in the editing, *Quick Millions* is decidedly interesting. It was written by Courtenay Terrett, a New York newspaperman who got his material at first hand, and the leading rôle is played by Spencer Tracy, all but new to the films. Starting as a loud-mouthed truck driver, Tracy reaches a point at which he can ruin any building contractor who refuses to join his "protective" association. Soon he is "protecting" all sorts of industries, and we see hoses playing on the cement sacks of contractors who have not joined, machine guns drilling holes in a truckload of milk cans, and many other "accidents" by means of which gang discipline is maintained. Director Rowland Brown has edited his film very rapidly—and if you understand just how rackets work, this is fine—but if you don't it's often confusing.

Worth Seeing

Cimarron: Edna Ferber's novel of pioneer days in Oklahoma.
Connecticut Yankee: Will Rogers overwhelms Merlin with a cigarette lighter that works.
City Lights: Charlie Chaplin—not his best but one of the few comedies of the past year.
City Streets: Entertaining if theatrical crook picture directed by Rouben Mamoulian.
Dirigible: Spectacular air photography; not much else.
The Front Page: Excitement in the reporters' room in Chicago's city hall. Menjou as city editor.
Secret Six: Wallace Beery as the big shot in Chicago's beer racket. More murders than in **Hamlet.**
Skippy: The finest picture of children ever made. Honest, unaffected and altogether satisfactory.
The Millionaire: George Arliss being whimsical and charming.
Tabu: Love and tragedy among South Sea Islanders—F. W. Murnau's last film.

"*Doctors' Wives*"

Any physician or surgeon who is unlucky enough to witness this latest report on we-girls' love problems is likely to leave the theatre suffering from an acute case of movie nausea, a complaint with which film reviewers are all too well acquainted. Having examined we-girls' sex problems from nearly every known angle, we are now treated to the sufferings which go on in the breast of a doctor's wife when she knows that her husband is alone in his office with a lady patient attired in nothing but a sheet. Pretty Joan Bennett is the wife while Warner Baxter is the doctor who attracts so many "nervous" women patients. Only when Joan gets a job as trained nurse and sees her husband perform a difficult operation does she understand that a great surgeon has other things on his mind than staying home and making love. A very pretty lesson which all you young wives should take to heart. The dialogue is written with a nasty leer and none of the acting comes to anything.

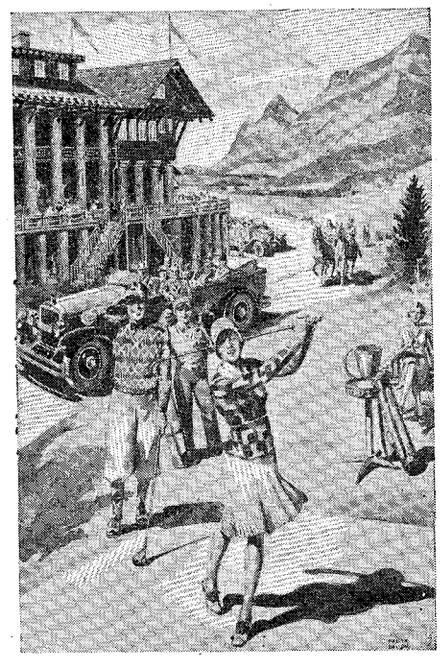
"*Dude Ranch*"

Jack Oakie and Stuart Erwin are particular favorites of this department, so with some disappointment I must report that *Dude Ranch* doesn't quite come off. The idea is a swell one, the scene being one of those fancy "ranches" fixed up for easterners who have a lot of money and very hazy notions about God's great green open spaces. Life is so dull in this particular resort that the management hires a troupe of traveling actors to stage a running drama of the *Old Homestead* school. The actors are Mitzi Green, Jack Oakie and Eugene Pallette, and they do their best to make things exciting. Then, for some reason which escapes me, a gang of bank robbers comes to stay at the hotel, and for awhile suspicion is cast on Mr. Oakie. Not so good.

Gun Smoke is also from the Paramount studios, and also deals with a gang of crooks who go out into the fine clean West with their guns and crooked morals. Ideas seem to have been scarce on the Paramount lot that week.

"*Skandal Um Eva*"

If you speak German you should be moderately entertained by Henny Porten's latest, directed by G. W. Pabst, a comedy about a small-town school teacher who discovers that her fiancé has a four-year-old son. The young lady's reaction to this news is not quite what you might expect. She thinks it is all very funny, and brings the little fellow to live with her. Both her fiancé (who has never seen his child), and the good people of the little German town, are terribly upset when she goes for a walk in the park on Sunday with a strange little boy who calls her "Mama." A scandal-sheet gets hold of the news and demands her dismissal. Naturally complications follow. Miss Porten is beautiful and has a sense of comedy.



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▶▶ Prose and Worse ◀◀

The Red Gods Call

Hooray for the printemps! Hooray for the Frühling!
All the little lambs on the hillsides squealing!
Tighten up your braces! Tuck in your shirt!
All the little green things growing in the dirt!
Outdoors is calling! Get out your car!
The road out to Tony's has a new coat of tar!
Tender green is mantling hillside and coppice;
The hot dog merchants have seven new shoppes
In the first five miles; and I'll be blowed!
There's a new Socony sign on the Old Mill Road!
And where the river view used to be so fine
They've stuck another beautiful fifty-foot sign!
The detours are waiting, the soft shoulders calling;
The bluebirds and robins have begun caterwauling!
The dogwood's in blossom, better hurry out of town
Or some other fellow will have ripped it all down.
Jump on the starter; leap on the gas!
Suburban lawns are covered with transient grass.
There are flowers to trample and shrubbery to smash,
Forest glades to litter and strew with dirty trash!
It's spring, brothers, spring! Let's spend the happy hours
In tearing down the trees and pulling up the flowers!
In another two weeks not a leaf will be showing
Within a hundred miles—so let's get going!

☆☆☆☆☆☆

We see by the papers that Mrs. Gifford Pinchot has coined the word "radiorator" in a recent speech. We'd like to strike off a few coins in the same series: "radiorful," for instance, and "radiorrible." And why not "radiorchid" for particularly exotic flowers of speech?

☆☆☆☆☆☆

"More Murders But Less Crime in the City," says a recent headline in the New York *Evening Sun,* which is to be congratulated on its thus evident acceptance of the modern American viewpoint. Plainly a large part of our population no longer thinks of murder as crime. But just how are we to classify it? Does it now become an art, a hobby, or a business? Certainly it has more dignity than to be rated as a simple pastime or relaxation.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

A change of opinion with regard to other crimes may now be expected. And with murder an art, burglary a science, and arson a sport, it will be easy for the police statisticians of the next generation not merely to state, but to prove, that crime is practically wiped out.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

"Any war in history could have been stopped if at the psychological moment somebody had pulled a good joke . . . ." —Bruce Barton.

When Caesar invaded the north
To pierce the barbarian wall,
And great Gallic leaders came forth
Aroused by the militant call;—
If, taken aback
By a sudden attack,
Great Caesar had pulled off some comical crack
Like: "Say, Mister Chieftain, I *do* like your Gaul!"
Perhaps they would never have battled at all!

When Napoleon sat on his horse
And squared his belligerent chin,
Surveying the enemy's force
And doubting his chance for a win,
Ah, then if he spoke
(The wily old bloke)
Narrating a certain familiar old joke—
"A traveling salesman once came to an inn . . . ."
Perhaps the darned war would forget to begin!

MAURICE SAGOFF.

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Mayor Insists He Can Stand On His Record.—Headline in New York *Evening Sun.*

Which reminds us somehow of the old argument we were told about in college, which is supposed to have exercised the best minds of the middle ages: How many angels can stand on the point of a pin?

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Music

Notable New Recordings

ALTHOUGH it does not come strictly under the head of records, or, perhaps, even of music, I feel it my duty to warn readers about a gadget which the RCA Company is about to put on the market. Hitherto the dial—as applied to telephones—has unquestionably been an unmitigated nuisance. Well, our electrical friends, not content with that, have outdone themselves. In large houses, equipped with a master phono-radio and loud speakers in each room, it will be possible to have a dial with each speaker by means of which you dial whichever one of eighteen pre-tuned stations you want, or you can hear records which somebody has put on the phonograph. You see what will happen, don't you? The youngsters in the sun room want Ozzie Nelson, and mother and father want to hear the symphony. They each dial for what they want, and one party or the other will be furious. What won't these scientists do next?

Glazounov is supposed to be the only important Russian composer to fall under the influence of Brahms. This may or may not be true, but Columbia have made two uncommonly felicitous releases of their work. Glazounov himself conducts an unnamed orchestra in his beautiful ballet, *The Seasons*[1], and the result is a set of records well worth having. Unlike much ballet music, *The Seasons* is able to stand by itself without the visual stimulus of the dancers, so suggestive are Glazounov's themes.

The new Brahms records are the *Academic Festival Overture, Op.* 80, on three twelve-inch sides, with the odd one filled by the third movement of Brahms' *Symphony No. 1, in C Minor*[2]. The orchestra is Concertgebouw of Amsterdam, conducted in vigorous fashion by Willem Mengelberg. As usual with this band, the balance and beauty of tone are conspicuous. The *Academic Festival Overture* itself is Brahms in a light mood, using old German student songs as themes for his brilliant orchestral display.

Uncommonly well played and recorded is the old concert favorite for piano, Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6,* performed by Alexander Brailowsky[3]. Even if you are a bit tired of the way some pianists play it, don't let that keep you from hearing this charming ten-inch record, for the fidelity with which Brailowsky's warm tone is reproduced is remarkable. O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Modern Music Series No. 5.
2. Columbia 6789¾D.
3. Brunswick 85002.

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The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 13)

The Romans used to pit five lions against four tigers to make things even when the day's consignment of Christians ran short.

To the skeptics who sneer at Beatty's act, insinuating that he uses housebroken Hollywood lions, his answer is, "Hollywood or not, let's see you take that chair and give the tabbies a workout." So far there have been no takers.

➤➤*Amateur Note*

EASTERN LAWN TENNIS CLUBS are likely to adopt a uniform board and lodging charge for amateurs participating in their invitation tournaments. The U. S. L. T. A. favors such a plan, believing that it will help eliminate "the tennis bum," as George Lott so picturesquely, if inelegantly, styles the amateur "entertainer" who spends the greater part of the year barnstorming the tournament circuit from coast to coast.

It has been the custom to give free meals to invitation tourney contestants and billet them in the clubhouse or in private homes. High-principled amateurs—if any—must have felt squeamish about accepting this tennis dole. It made them parasites in what has been called "the tennis racket," objects of charity or, if you prefer, hired performers. At certain clubs the hand-outs ceased automatically when the beneficiary was unfortunate enough to be beaten in an early round.

Unscrupulous competitors have been known to abuse the "free eats" privilege. I recall one club steward who decreed that second helpings were taboo. The victims of this economical edict, a bunch of youngsters who happened to be Tilden's protégés, protested to their patron. With thunder on his elongated face, Tilden bearded the steward in the latter's pantry sanctum and compelled him to rescind the verdict on threat of withdrawing from the tournament. Second helpings were reëstablished promptly. No Tilden meant no gate receipts—and, by implication, certainly a new steward.

The tariff charged contestants will be a nominal one, assessed for the sake of principle rather than compensation. It should make self-respecting amateurs feel less like deadheads. They can act with more independence if they feel that they are paying their way. Only a Tilden, it would seem, could bite the hand that fed him.

GEORGE TREVOR.

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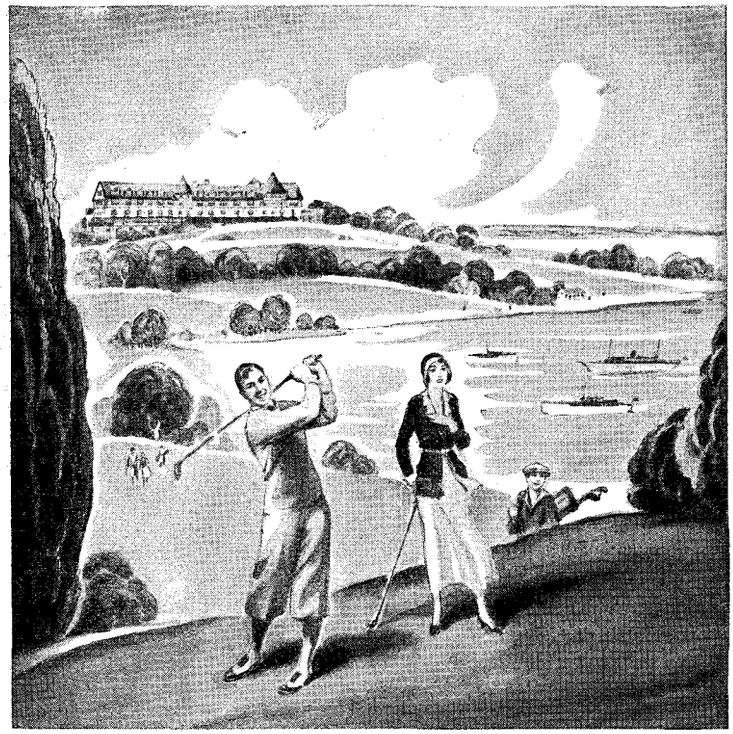

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Royal Intrigue in Roumania

(Continued from Page 18)

Lois Fuller, made their bow to New York. The mayor gave her one of the keys to the city. Our well-dressed official receptioner shook hands with Her Majesty. The sirens of the boats whistled. Horns of automobiles blew furiously. There were pictures of Queen Marie, the prince and princess, and Lois Fuller in windows in Fifth Avenue and side streets. The Queen's photographs were signed in large letters with that characteristic stroke of hers.

There was a quarrel between two photographers. Each one of them had bought exclusive rights to make and sell these photographs of the Queen and her entourage.

When the Queen was escorted to her suite, at a fashionable hotel, officialdom and unofficialdom was bowed in before Her Majesty. The Queen handed out wisdom by the bushel and *bon mots* and platitudes by the ton. New York went Marie-mad. The Queen was seen everywhere. She was popular. She was democratic. This democracy of ours was continually marveling at her democratic behavior. She was a good fellow. She let herself be photographed with this, that, and the other one. She spoke to everybody. She was "great." She dressed well. Her peasant costumes were simply delicious. And she was a Queen.

A few days later her endorsements of creams and cosmetics appeared in street car advertisements, in newspapers and magazines. But she did it for her charities. New York was sure of that. She didn't touch the money. Of course not!

To show how versatile she was, the Metropolitan Opera House was engaged for Lois Fuller and her pupils and it was announced that the American dancer would execute a legend written by the Queen. She was a Queen, an actress, a writer, a poet and a musician, as well as a few other things. That Lois Fuller affair was an unfortunate undertaking for the Queen. Suspecting that New Yorkers would simply kill themselves to witness that social performance, the gentlemen of Marie's own entourage bought tickets and attempted to resell them at several times the original price. Some newspaper man got wind of the affair. The Department of Charities interfered and demanded an accounting. It had been announced that the profits from this performance were to go to charity. At the end of that performance for charity there was not enough money to cover the expenses of Lois Fuller, her pupils, the theatre, the publicity and the music. The charities owed the dancers several thousand dollars.

One of our columnists, Heywood Broun, parodied one of the Queen's articles in the column next to hers in the same paper. Another newspaper commented editorially on her articles on free love. Vaudevillians began to "wisecrack" about "Our Marie." Skits on the Queen, her consort and her entourage, were being hastily put together. Moving picture magnates began to bid for her services. She took their bids seriously

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of April 25, 1951

"Within a few weeks of the start of our partnership," Mrs. Mary Smith testified in dissolution proceedings Monday, "Miss Jones proved herself to be as emotional, temperamental and unbusinesslike as a man."

President Dixon of the Television Authors' League declared that few old-time theatre dramatists had been able to adapt themselves to the conditions of television dramaturgy.

The state-owned Arizona Sun Power Corporation entered into a contract last week to furnish the New York State Electric Power Distributing Corporation with power at 9% of the average rate for electric power heretofore supplied in the Niagara district.

and for a while it looked as if Pola Negri might have a serious competitor.

The Queen rolled on, in slow stages, toward her destination, to the State of Washington, in a car especially placed at her disposal by one of the railroad companies. But another railroad company refused to extend the courtesy and demanded pay—cold cash. It is needless to repeat what the whole world knows of that trip. Those who had claimed the privilege of acting as the Queen's hosts and covered the expenses of her trip dropped away one by one and withdrew their promises. Scandal followed upon scandal. The whole affair went from bad to worse: from the ridiculous to the more ridiculous. It was a fiasco before they reached Chicago. The proposed trumphal tour took on the appearance of a return trip of stranded barnstormers.

Queen Marie waited for the cable that was to tell her that the King had died. This alone could have changed the wave of ridicule into one of sympathy. The cable did not come. The momentum of the ridicule increased day by day. Her articles and endorsements had become the laughingstock of the country.

When things looked blackest, when she had been told at a bankers' meeting that she ought to know the laws of her country before she appealed for foreign capital; that she ought to know that foreign capital was neither welcomed nor permitted in her country, the merciful news arrived. It was not as good as she had expected. The cable told her that the King was very ill and that he wished her to return home immediately.

Few people will ever know what a merciful message that cable was to the Queen. One of the newspaper syndicates had started an action at law to recover. They were making ready to seize the Queen's trunks. She had come here as a private individual and not as the guest of the nation. She was legally as liable to arrest as any other individual.

The whole Carol scandal was revived and aired again. The more the Queen tried to explain the affair the more ridiculous she appeared. When she spoke of marital fidelity people laughed. And now the vaudevillians had seized upon the Ileana affair. Marie's own daughter, the Queen of Jugo-Slavia, was quoted to have remarked:

"Why does mother promenade that Mlle. Shtirbey over the world?"

It was a shaft at Ileana. The press of the world seized upon it. Ileana's paternity was discussed everywhere.

And still the King continued to live beyond the time allotted to him by his doctors.

Queen Marie had come here on the blasts of trumpets and fanfares and had planned to return home on the wave of enthusiasm and force her way into power. The Bratianus and Shtirbeys would not dare to refuse her anything after a triumphal tour in America. She would be Queen of Roumania *de jure* and *de facto*. America had to help her to the throne. Instead of that she returned home a ridiculous figure. She had made the whole country ridiculous. For some unexplained reason there was nobody on the platform of the station to receive her at Bucharest. It was said later that those of her household who had gone to meet her had gone to the wrong railroad station.

The King lived on. They had tricked Marie. They had called her back in time to de-dramatize her return. The Bratianus saw to it that the King remained technically alive until they were ready to announce his death. Everything was prepared; pronunciamentos were on the walls; machine guns were at every corner; the army occupied the

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strategic points. The funeral route was mapped out and the speeches were prepared while the King was still technically alive.

Queen Marie's tour of the United States ended in a grand fiasco. Her greatest achievement here was that whenever the word Roumania is mentioned, people think of its comic opera royal household. It is difficult to convince an American that besides the royal aggregate there are eighteen millions of people eager to make their land produce; eager to drill more oil wells into the bowels of the earth; eager to work and live like human beings.

Instead of holding her own in the industrial world, Roumania holds her own in Hollywood, on Broadway and in the comic papers.

Ferdinand was dead for a long time before the event was announced. Politicians were trying to keep Queen Marie out of the picture; she was trying to get in. The result was turmoil, as told in Mr. Bercovici's next installment.

Alimony for Men!

(Continued from Page 15)

Perhaps it is not entirely pertinent here, but marriage, it seems to me, should be really a ladies' gentlemen's agreement. Surely the marriage ceremony or its dissolution is made or broken long before the minister or the divorce courts ever see the parties concerned. Legalities, in the last analyses—to many at least—are merely society's way of stamping respectability on love. To go out of marriage generously, then, is far more sporting than to condemn a man once loved to lifelong financial servitude, a slave's life. At least we should be willing to accord him the same economic privilege and chance for happiness we demand for ourselves.

It may be an indictment against my own sex, but too many wives have only one thought in mind, "To get all the traffic will bear." It is wretched bad taste, a type of very cheap gold digging under the guise of lawful loot. I like honest bad women much better. As Dr. Daniel Morrison said, in talking of equal rights, "A woman can marry a man and refuse to sleep with him, talk with him, cook his beef stews, sew on buttons or in fact do anything to carry out the 'domestic relations' and on the other hand the courts force a man to go through his obligations to the *nth* degree. It's all wrong—all wrong—I tell you! Let women have equal rights, God bless them—and let them have equal responsibilities, doggone them."

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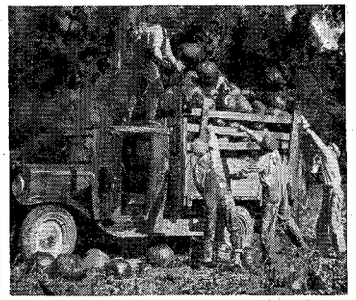

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